OUR MC WORDS OWN



OUR OWN WORDS

Writings by Students of

Mitchell Community College

Statesville, North Carolina

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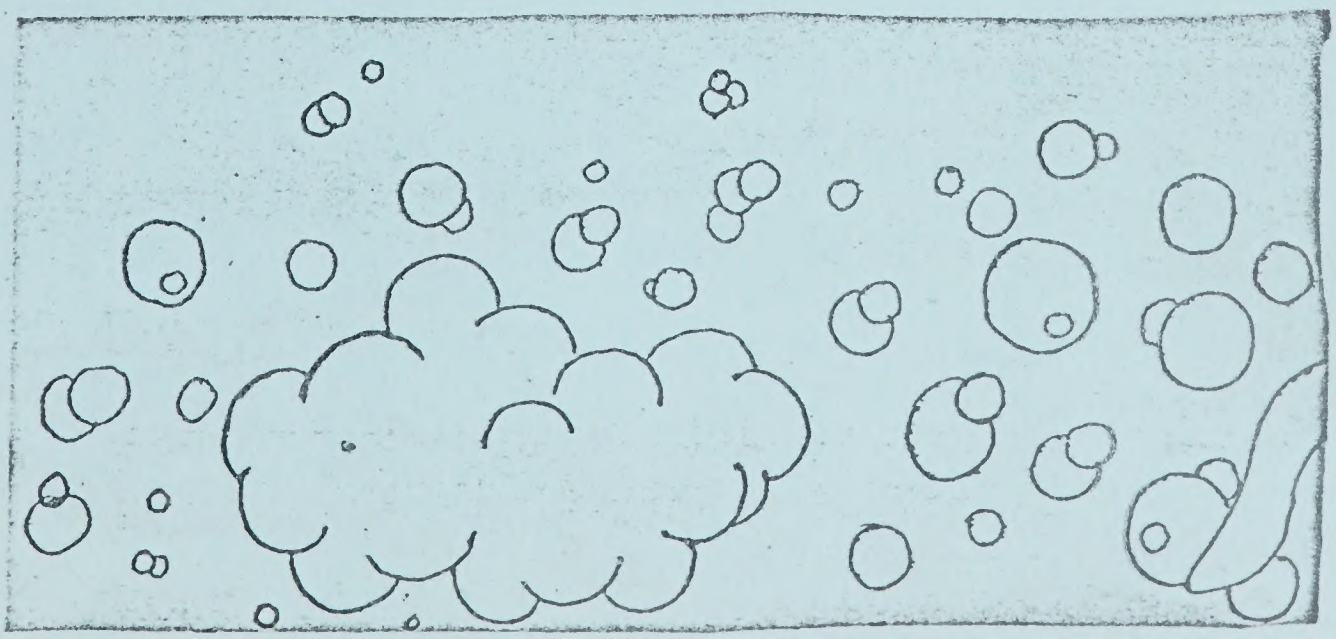
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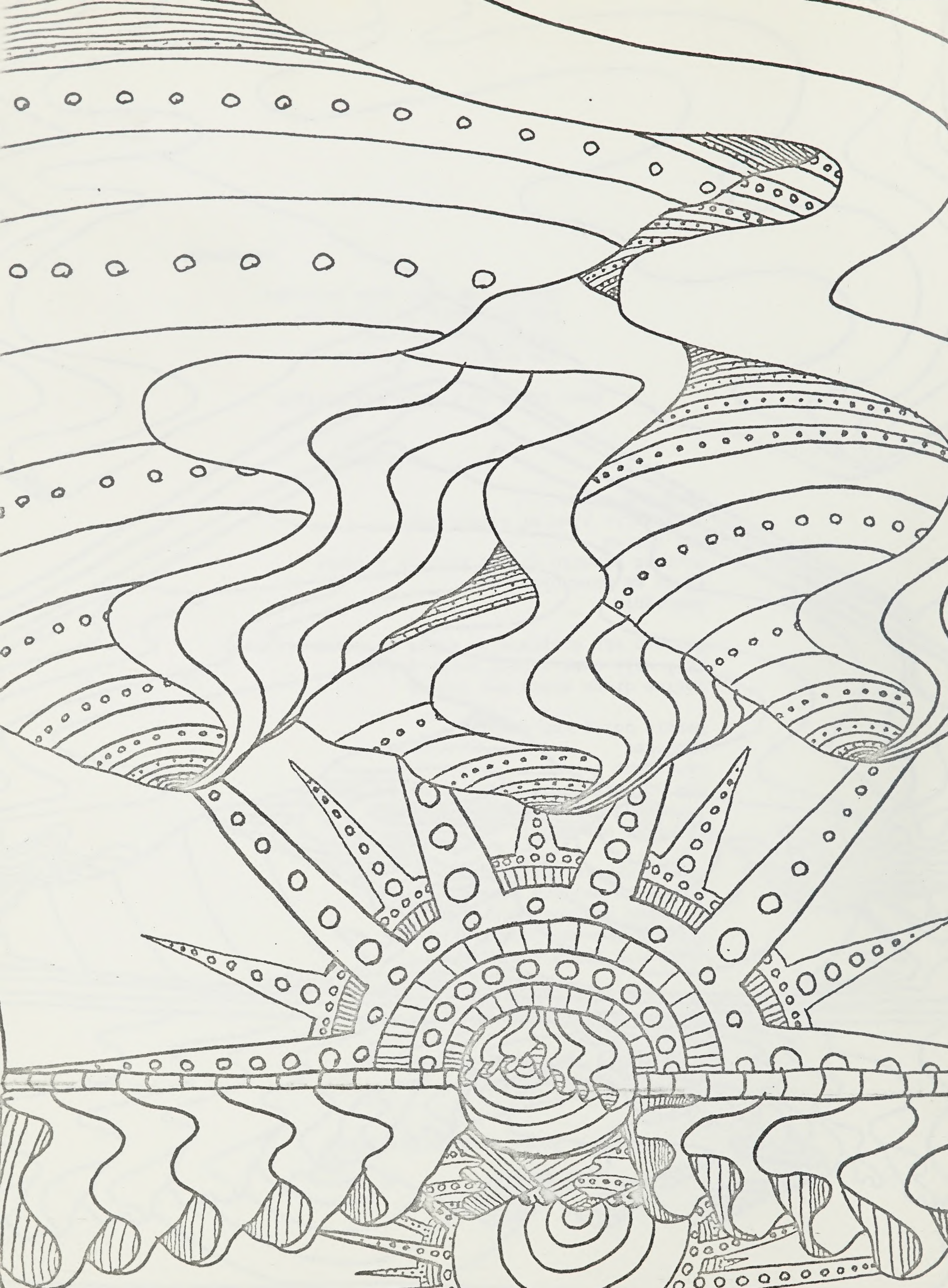
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Twelve Three Seventy-three PM

Drinking machine coffee
At DYNAMITE LOVE plastic top table

Student constitution on Union floor
With mud of sneaker treads

Cigarette butts and matches
From burned-out laboring lungs
Of pepsi cracker eaters
And couch bulging cotton
From vinylslashed cushions

All made one
Through jukebox zeppelin crunge
And college coeds laughing desperately
Cause the future
Ambushed
Barbie dolls and cowboys

Coffee dregs choke dry throat
As I walk over sticky pepsi chaos
Through air compression doors of heavy silence

Midnight
Finds me paranoid
Dwarfed beneath gothic library columns
And bathed
In angelic glow of streetlamp
On brick steps

dmseymour

Four Lines to a Muse and Delight

I'm waiting for Jesus.
I'm waiting for you.
I'm beginning to doubt now
Either one will come through.

dmseymour

GREY DAY.
Misty sheets of rain.
Ebony oaks all dressed up in crystal beads.
Shining clean blades of grass.
Oil paint rainbows on asphalt.
Paper boat rapids rushing to underground.
Windshield wiper concertos.
Raindrop races on the panes.
The wind playing games with passers-by
and sticky leaves.
Huddling outside.
Cuddling inside.
Have a laugh, plan a dream, book and fireplace
time.
Grey day.
Rainy day.
I like it.

Sara Walker

View From My Window Upon Rising Early

Keeper of the soft gray dawn
Hanging low above the valley
Suspended, bright against black velvet
Casting silent silver light.
Guardian Angel of the new day,
Wispy rays caress the tree tops
Coldly, glowing till the sunrise
makes you disappear from view.
Did the psalmist long ago,
Writing slow across dry parchment
"The heavens declare the glory of God,"
Mean especially the morning star?

SW

ASTRAL ANSWERS

And what of those whose lives
are spent in giving and sacrifice?
They become stars, gently guiding men
to paths of immortality.
And those who take in selfishness and greed?
They are comets strewn across the
plains of the universe
Eternally seeking a constellation
in which to rest--
And finding none.

Sara Walker



EXPERIMENTS WITH FORM
by Lynda Bell

Haiku

I was given life.
Chancing immortality,
I accept the gift.

Innocence blushes
at the promises of love:
lies turning to truth.

Tanka

Hollow aching dreams
in the lonesome soundlessness
of mortal's proud hope,
today is a haughty child
of the future and the past.

Cinquain

Flowers
Stem from the earth.
They touch life but briefly--
Eventually none left but
Petals.

* * * * * * * *

Love
touch my life with silken fingers,
Brush me gently
then pass me by.
--Lynda Bell

Bedside Prayer

Oh

I

am

just

so

tired

of

it

all

I feel

the tides

of the sea of dreams

the waves

washing over me

I slip into the dark silent waters

Come sweet oblivion

Wash away

the collected grime of another day

so that I may start

Reborn

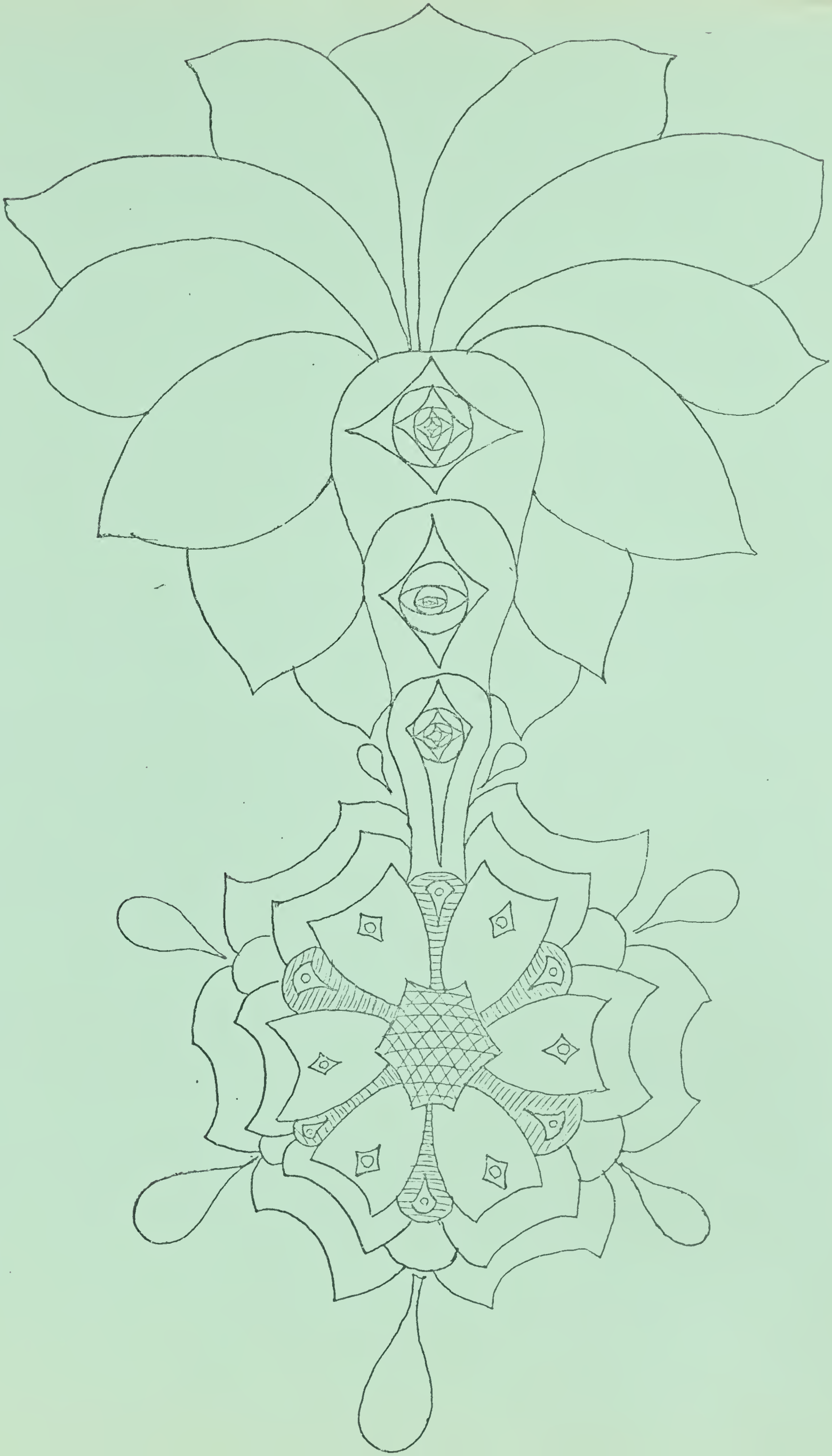
Renewed

Next morn

Another day

To try again

--Steve Messick



UNKNOWN

When your world is torn asunder and they read you from the text,
And they pool their definitions in an illustrated hex,
When they see your naked body and you beg of them, "What next?"
Where will the winds of summer blow you?
And no one in this life has come to know you.

When the marchers in the street and the killers in the night
Come together for the murder but then resurrect the light,
And they learn the word for wrong, 'cause they never knew the right.
And just who did they think would show you?
'Cause no one in this life has come to know you.

When the sexless ladies of the night paint their eyelids blue,
And they lock you in their bedroom and you don't know what to do,
And you pray it's all a dream but you know that dreams come true.
And where will the Black Boatman row you
When no one in this life has come to know you?

And the children in their vomit and the beggars in their rags
Side by side are tossing coins for first chance upon the hags,
And the Gen'ral in his Packard can be seen with waving flag,
You're stuck beside the road, no one will tow you.
And no one in this life has come to know you.

Let the writer with his pencil and the doctor with his nose
Find the peace we all are seeking and retire to change their clothes.,
Let the fireman leave his helmet for the comfort of his hose.
And if you were a horn, just who would blow you,
When no one in this life has come to know you?

And hangmen thru the ages and parents of the past
Smile upon the situation for they know it is the last.
And now ev'ryone grows thinner, all except poor Mama Cass.
And what could motion pictures ever show you?
Yet no one in this life has come to know you.

Ask the summer-sequined ladies and the men who get their thrills
To give you reassurance and they only offer pills.
But you know they think about you, for you're mentioned in their wills.
And their poisoned words, like snares, were out to throw you.
Still no one in this life has come to know you.

Now that sin and pain are conquered, let's let ev'rybody rest,
For we've learned to work together and we each have done our best.
And nothing said in freedom may be taken purely jest.
If you were hooked on cards, one more I'd go you,
'Cause no one in this life has come to know you.

--Jeff Templeton

Déja Vu

I've known you for only a short time,
And yet that time has grown into years
and centuries stretching back--
farther back than the human mind
can comprehend.
And I know we've walked this path before.
Something inside of me--
a feeling,
a light,
a life
which I can't explain--
Something tells me we've known
each other in times gone by
and will know each other in
times to come.

--Glenda Wilhelm

The moon
like a golden coin
slips into the pocket
of night,
and to this pocket of darkness
she lends
her golden light.
GW

The wink of lightning...
the spark of life
The rhythm of rain...
the pulse of living
The crash of thunder...
the moment of death.
GW

STORM

Dark witch of gloom
She walks the night
hurling stones at window panes
lashing out with drops of rain
bending backs of sturdy trees
and then she leaves--
her anger spent,
glides softly over a crumpled world.

--Glenda Wilhelm

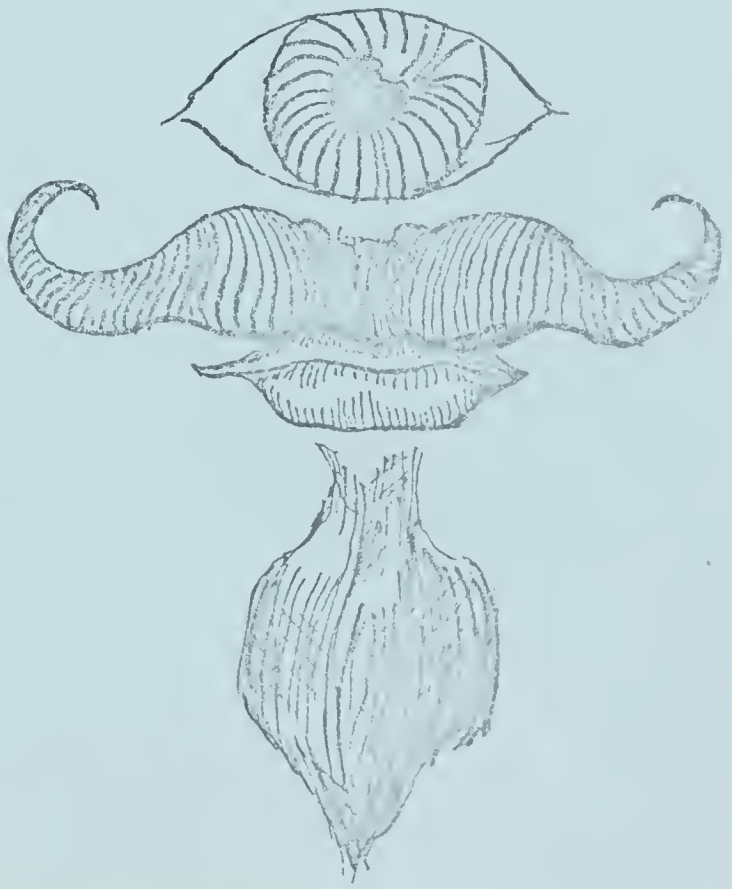
NATURE

At dusk, the moon has risen already,
The sky is crystal blue, and the
   clouds the whitest white.
In the west, the sun has slowly set now
And the sky is red against the green
   pine trees and naked elms.
The cold autumn night sets in.
Darkness has engulfed me so I cannot see.
But, far above, the moonlight shimmers
   softly through the branches of the
   cedar tree.
I sit in total silence, waiting....
The night is still, waiting for her lover's touch.
Our lovers are far from us, so we
 comfort each other, the night and I.

Come, Love, take my hand. I'll show you
  things that Nature has taught me
  waiting for you.

—Charlotte Fleming

DUST ON HER WHISKERS
(a morbid poem)
by
Mandy Kelly



glass eyes
 and guts of straw

  consumed the sun
   and saw the wind

   preserved for immortality--
   immortality on a shelf

    a skin of life
      trapped
    for an eternity of Death

      What Grace stands
       motionless
      under the lights now?

Chatahoochee

Out in the field I rode
swinging to and fro . . .
with
Butterflies landing on my nose.

Broomsage sweeping my side
while I was taking in
my Nature's High!

--William Compton

Once I mowed yards and
Once I packed groceries.
One I did for an hour and
One I did for a day.
Once I worked construction and
Once I pumped gas.
One I did for a week and
One I did for ten days.
Once I sold clothes and
Once I arranged a display.
One I did for a month and
One I did for a minute. . .
It was only a display!

--William Compton

Over the sand we ran
greeting the Atlantic
with a big splash and
a little bit of sand.

--William Compton

Rain softly falling
upon the long and narrow bridge
as we sat in our empty dreams
watching transfer-trucks below
moving children's schemes.

--William Compton

Slowly

Slowly

Slowly

My mind turns

like the babbling brook

it flows through thoughts

once repressed through fear

now opened for a look

into lives past

here again

to examine

slowly

slowly

slowly

My eyes look

as a camera clicking

clicking . . .

clicking . . .

pictures of Love

Gone by

--Bob Holzworth



BOB HOLZWORTH

FREEDOM

The first day
You walked beside me
And gave me a glowing pride,
Because you have fought
For the life you now live.
You walked beside me
And held your head so high
Because you're important.
You walked beside me
And carried between us
The air of equality you speak of.
You walked beside me
And spoke of the world
Of people you care for so much.

You walked beside me
And white on white and
Black on black
We stepped through the
Door of freedom--
The day you walked beside me.

--Rusty

OPTIONS

Beyond the confines of your mind,
What do you see?
Do you see flowers, grass, and trees,
Skies, birds, and bees?
Or do you see
Only me?
I see flowers, grass, and trees,
Skies, birds, and bees,
And I see you.
I see me.
I see her.

--Rusty

IN THE STILLNESS...
     is he dancing?
Is he happy
          with memories
or things which
          remind him of you?
Does he want you there?
 to embrace, to touch, to hold,
          to love?
In the dark does he
 imagine your presence?
 your warmth and tenderness?
In the quiet does he hear
 you breathing, your heart
 beating close to his?
Does he reach into the
 emptiness to see if you
 could, by some chance,
 be there?
Does he cry, hoping that you
 will come back to
 comfort him as you have
 before?

In the stillness...
is he dancing
or is he too
          still?

--Chip

I can see the question in your eyes.
Are you unsure of me?
Have we not trusted each other for
 many years?
How do I prove that I am worthy?
   Show me how . . . .

I listen while you speak
 and you, in return, hear me
 when I need to talk.
Tell me your problems,
 your forlorn dreams, your
 fondest hopes, and I shall
 interpret silently with
 understanding and love.
Explain to me what you
 want to do, and if you
 do not have a "why"
 for everything, I shall not
 question your intentions
 but accept your movements
   as I have accepted you.

--Chip



Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Tennyson, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"

The time is summer; the place is a few acres of woods near my house. I find myself sitting down under a big oak tree. Everything is quiet for a while, and then the birds begin to sing again. As I sit there like a man of stone--for I need not move to take in God's great masterpiece--I can feel a small breeze and see all the giant trees with their beautiful green leaves reaching for the heavens.

I know this sounds phony this day and time, but to me it's very clear; I not only enjoy it for myself; I enjoy it for those who long to but never will.

I jerk to one side as I catch the blur of motion in a nearby tree, then relax with relief as I see that it's only a hickory nut dropped by a winter-ready squirrel way up there near the sun somewhere. Two years of learning to kill and survive have left me with much worse than a battle-scarred body: I am cursed with the memories and reflexes ever ready to bring back those days and long, long nights.

Gary, you remember how I used to tell you about these woods and how nice and quiet they were? You, being from Boston, longed to see such a place. It seems like only the other night we were in that fighting hole, sharing it with about fifty gallons of water and a few dozen blood-sucking leeches, listening to the incoming mortars. I'd said, "Hey Yank, this might be the night," and you answered with "Hell, no, Reb. I'm not going to die--I haven't even lived yet." And I believed you.

Gary, even being a big tough marine didn't keep the tears from my eyes the day they got you. I wanted to hate, but who do you hate in war? Which side is really to blame? The question was still unanswered in my mind ten months later when I got mine. I only lost my legs and my best right arm, but it's little, compared with so many. You know, I think it was worse on our loved ones than on us.

Gary, these people back here in the States are just like we used to be--worrying about the future, their best girl or boy, the high cost of living. Wait until they find out what the price of dying is.

Well, it's getting late and the sun begins to lower. I guess it's time I leave this beautiful place. There hasn't been a shot fired all day, and not a life lost. But as I leave, somehow I get the feeling that Gary is saying, "Reb, don't worry about me. Boston or the beautiful hills of North Carolina can't compare with the 'peace in the Valley.' So walk tall and don't look back."

--Dale Eugene Wilson

AT TIMES I AM FRIENDS WITH THE WORLD

At times I am friends with the world.
I feel pleasure in her savage
raw democracy.
But after daylight travels on
and before the conquering night rules,
often I wonder.
Tranquil lonely eyes gaze upon
peaceful obscurity. Moonday,
twilight, dying sun.
Can this be a silhouette of
heaven, or just an empty dream
lost and all alone?
Tormented I am on other
occasions. Whimsical friction
produced by the mind.
Pearl skin clouds chant ancestral
tidings: "Cogito, ergo sum,"
their song so nocturne.
But for this precious moment I
am treading on enchanted grounds.

Please, come walk with me.
I would so much like to talk to you.

--Michael Walkup

NEON FLOWERS,

neon flowers
confuse my eyes.
Soft sparkles fall
 with the evening showers.
Can it be? --
 Except for you and me,
  everyone is asleep.

--Michael Walkup

I WALKED THROUGH THE STARS

and saw all their celestial beauty.
But I could not feel them.
My dull eyes stared blankly;
I was cold.

I walked among the stars for years
and tried to catch them.
But when I reached, there was nothing
 there. I cried;
 and my tears became stars.
Now I am the stars.

--Michael Walkup

LOVE

The universe was built for you;
you are the center of the universe,
for you are the ruler, with people under your
command doing what you want them to do.

You the master have the power to make hate,
or peace. Yes, you are truly the master.

To me, you exist with God in the heaven above,
you--Love.

--Charlie Payne

Carolina blue, old baseball cards, and chocolate-covered
  peanuts . . .
  Things we have shared
The wagon, a broken leg, and popcorn . . .
  Things we have shared
The mountains, cold duck, and picnics . . .
  Things we have shared
You and I . . . love . . . a thing
   we have shared
   and do share . . . .

--Alice Sherrill

I try to love you
I try the best I know how
Maybe it's not enough for you
or, maybe I am trying too hard.

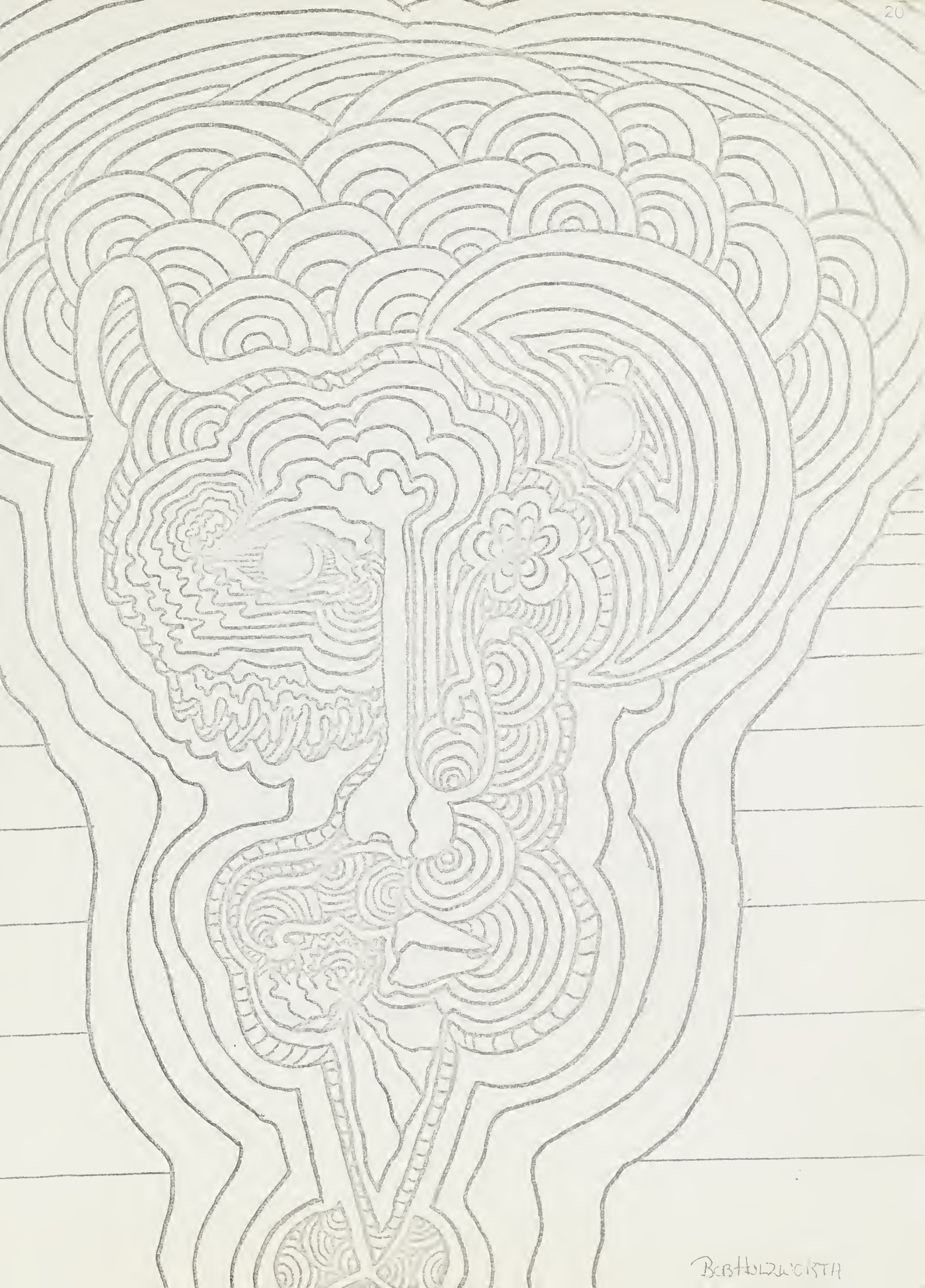
--Alice Sherrill

I try to explain what is wrong
B ut how do you explain when you don't
 even know yourself?
I plan each sentence in my mind until it
 becomes as a melody.
Then, when I see your face, the melody
 changes to a jumble of notes
 which possess no harmony.
Then you ask once again,
 "What is wrong?"

--Alice Sherrill

The rain is echoing
   as it falls through the air.
The willow tree is crying
   tears of dreams that
      faded with the county fair.

--Karen McClamrock



BARTHOLOMEW

You who are the lonely,
Let this not make you afraid.
And you who are the weak,
Never give at the clasp of a hand.
Even you, who are the moaning,
You must yield to what I've said.
But you, who call yourselves the bold
And feel you rule upon this land,
Remember: God by far is still
Supreme, and he is in command.

--Harvey Reid

There has been many a time that I've wondered, what road will my people take?

Will it be a change for the better, or will they make another mistake?

Through all the things my people have come,

Will we step out for once, or remain a thumb?

Can we one day really learn to love, or always be filled with this inherited hate?

We were fed from the ground, and never where the others ate.

You know, so many of my people have been stepped on, this is true,

Still, continually we have countered by finding something else to do,

From sleeping in packs, to picking the fields.

Even now, there are many of us that work in the mills.

We've we've walked to and fro on what we've called THE BLOCK.

But that wall my people had to face, and why did it have to be knocked?

Desperate to find an answer for the existing situation,

Minds always operating, and never getting relaxation.

But still, will love be gained, that is so badly needed,

Or hate, THE THING that has forever proceeded?

So stand up and voice that heart of yours,

And it may open for you the things which have been destroyed.

--Harvey Reid

MINUS or PLUS?

Am I minus or plus
a friend
when
she becomes a friend
with her friend
again?

Only waiting and time
will tell me if I'm
minus or plus
a friend.

--Ginny Lee

TO ALL MANKIND
I say Thank you.

You have taught me
 and are still teaching me
how to grow
 and learn from you.

Your hardships help me,
 teach me
 how to grow.

Your love fills me
 and opens my heart
 like a flower.

To YOU
 all over the world
 I say
 Thank you.

--Ginny Lee

CAN YOU NOT LOOK

into the cold, clear
night and see
 the world?

Are we so concerned
 with us that we
 cannot see
what's happening?

Are enough of us
 hoping?
 helping?
 praying?

Do you look into
 the cold, clear night
and see
 only sky?

--Ginny Lee

Have you ever loved?
It's really something
to be loved.

G. L.

THE INVISIBLE WALL

Humpty-Dumpty fell off a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses
and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty back together again.
Then an hour-and-a-half
with his psychiatrist friend
tore Humpty-Dumpty two-fold over again.

By this time Humpty was crazy as hell.
He jumped on his horse and let out a yell,
"You horses and men, I hate you all.
I'll see you in hell,
and that's not all.
I'll be there with my psychiatrist friend,
analyzing your minds to infinity's end."

by Humpty-Dumpty

AWAKE

All is in flux
The wind cries among the pines
The rivers rush to the sea
The clouds race across the sky
The mountains rise and fall before my eyes
The sun, the moon, they run their futile chase
(At this moment)
The clam forms a pearl
The gazelle falls
The lion is fed
The eagles feed their young
The whale is suckling its calf
The virus attacks
The elusive electron spins
The stars fuse
The novi explode
The galaxies race for the ends of the universe.
(Somewhere)
It rains
The babes cry--the new air
The old die--the last breath
Men laugh
Men cry

We each arise
Furies, water spouts on an infinite sea
One among the billions.
The winds of our storms give us life
We grow in strength
The winds stronger
We search (hope)
For others (passion)
To share (love)
For the mythical island
A dream.
Some become lost
The storm weakens for all in time
We protest
"Too soon"
"Too soon"
The sea answers
"Surrender"
"Surrender"
We struggle
In vain
The winds lose their force
We collapse back into the sea
Merger with the infinite waters
Union
Re-union

(continued)

Quiet
Listen
Hear it?
Can you feel it?
Life
Always there
Become aware
The indivisible Existence
Feel it?
The flow of the universe
Hear it?
The hum of the cosmos
The whisper of God.

—Steve Messick

EXTENDED TIME

Minds that cross and bend
Yet do not touch,
For control is impossible,
Accomplishing only facsimiles
Of unaccountable love.

I give you acrylic hopes,
For the past is plastic.
You give me an undependable present,
For the past is plastic.
Send me crawling
To barriers that cannot be mounted.

Surpass the ungratefulness
That clouds the remembrance
Of times together.

Habitual love
lives for a while.
I beg for a retreat,
A seclusion from
Glaring eyes.

--Rusty

ON LOOKING INTO BLAKE'S "POISON TREE"

Deep within the souls and minds of some men lie fears, anxieties, and other such injuries that may never be healed. Nurtured and cared for, they can grow into hate.

Hate is like a poison tree in that when fears, like poison apples, are allowed to grow and deceitfulness, like a pretty apple blossom, is allowed to bloom, then some day when the hatred is fullgrown, it will be too late to chop it down and forgive. The fruit will have been picked; only the bite and hurt will know no end.

The hate that sometimes imprisons man could only hurt its own prisoner, for it turns in him like a blade of the knife, cutting away the love that would otherwise surround his heart. It burns in him like a flame of fire, singeing the remains of forgiveness and respect from the love that has been cut away.

Hate is of the mind, descending to the heart. Love is of the heart, ascending to the mind. If along this route the two should meet, there just might be a new (yes, a very new) understanding.

--Dale Woodside

Every day
I must face those
who despise me.

I walk
down halls plastered
with distorted faces.

They have
secrets in their pockets
and they'll snatch one of yours
if you're not careful.

Look now
they have one of mine
to give to you

Clasp it
and send it no further
than the enclosure of your hand.

--Rusty



I have sat here long
enough to watch the
sunset. I wonder
who's on the other
side of the world
watching the sunrise.
I wonder if that
person knows that
I've been waiting.

--Joe

An Actress

I wish I were home
drinking my coffee, sipping
my tea. Being relaxed so
I could just be me.
Forgetting the stage-act
That I play so well.
Telling my friends to
just go to hell.

--Joe

Unawareness

Your eyes are
open but you
don't see what
they show you.
Life is flying
right by you
and you're not
even aware of its
passing. Wake
up blind man.

--Joe

TO: D. L.

Sleepy moments
that I have dreamt through,
you were in them.

You are a gentle soul that
drifts between twilight and
dawn, and I want to
drift with you.

Feeling so peaceful to
be in your presence leads me
to believe that maybe, just maybe
we are friends.

--Joe

Got to get through all this

There must be bluer skies

I can't see an end too soon

But I know there are better ways to fly

I have seen it in others

And in a part of myself

It's got to be very hard

But I'll make it with God's help

Knowing where my head has been

Not too sure of where it will go

Not too good at understanding

My world is shaky, scared, but the only one I know

Knowing better in my soul

I make so many mistakes.

God, help the weak be strong, make me whole.

--Nancy Patterson

CORNER

Every day the old man and the boy would bring their old beat-up truck into town and park it on the corner of 26th and North Center Streets. There they would sell the apples, squash, tomatoes, canteloupes, and watermelons that they had grown. They set up their scales and crates of produce and patiently waited for their first customer. Sometimes they were busy and sometimes they went for hours without selling a thing. Then one day the big machines came and prepared to move the houses on that corner. As the trees came down and the machines slowly moved along, the old man and the boy waited on their little piece of the corner and sold fruit. Finally, after the houses were moved and the trees were gone, the two were forced to leave. They were replaced by concrete and asphalt, metal, plastic, and lights. Stores were built with lots of parking space in front. They even built a grocery store that sold grapes, plums, oranges, cherries, strawberries, and lots of other things that the old man and the boy didn't sell.

--Karen McClamrock

GREENBACKS AND GERNSBACKS

Oh, how I love being a science fiction writer,
Although many critics say nothing could be triter.
I construct phantasmagoric tales of science fiction
With the manifold materials of science diction,
No two stories alike.
There's humor and horror
And, since dealing with people,
There's got to be sorrow.
On those days when I get perverse,
I play the little Dutch boy in reverse.
With an ink-stained finger reaching high
I poke a hole in the sky
And flood the world with BEMs.
Then on days that are terrific
I dally with the scientific--
Rockets humming to the moon
Landing in tune
To explore my whims
In LEMs.
At times I have noble fits,
Warning the world of some future Auschwitz.
And so the stories stream down the pike.
I lecture on pollution
And political institutions,
Genetic aberrations
From creeping radiations,
Berserk computers
To haunted scooters,
Alerting humanity to its dangerous self is a thankless task,
No doubt causing some people to ask
Why?
But a writer can only ignore criticism
And, deciphering the light through his own special prism,
Keep trying to bring sanity to the world
In fourteen pages at two cents a word.

--Bill Moose

Hugo Gernsback: the father of science fiction magazines
BEM: bug-eyed monster
LEM: lunar excursion module



Have You Ever?

Have you ever needed
 and not been able to have?
Have you ever dreamed
 and then woke up before it was over?
Have you ever stopped to think
 and couldn't?
Have you ever looked
 and seen the love within?
Have you ever needed my love?

--Charlotte Fleming

The rain came and made me feel good.
I finally got a chance to share some
 feelings I was afraid showed in the
 sunlight.
Since it was raining, no one could tell
 if the drops on my cheeks were tears
 or rain.

I had time to walk, time to talk to God
As the rain fell softly on my face.
The woods I walked in opened their
 heart to accept me.
God was so close then, I could almost
 have touched him.

--Charlotte Fleming

STILL THE RAIN FALLS

I wanted to tell you when I was happy,
I picked up the phone to call,
I let it ring and ring some more.
But still the rain falls.
I wanted to tell you when I was sad,
When death and sorrow I saw,
I went to your house and waited.
But still the rain falls.
You desert me when I need you,
Never home when I call.
If having faith in you is what this is,
Then, let the rain fall.

--Nancy Patterson

DEFINITION

God is
an expression spoken in silence,
a silence which brings communication
between two souls;

the rising sun scattering the darkness;
the movement of stars;
a humble person.

God is grace you cannot touch
but can feel.

—Mark Porter

ONCE,
I saw the wonders
and all they had to give
Now,
I know no wonders
and nobody wants to give.

It's crying time--
Nobody loves, nobody cares.
Soon the end will come--
What will become of the end?

—Diane Benfield

LABELS

Too many times
too many things
have labels.
You call me Black
You call me White.
Only cans
should have labels.
--Diane Benfield

SO FAR TO GO

I've been down that road
of smoke and dope
I've lost my friends
and even hope
Can't see the sky
just feel the pain
I've lost control
don't remember my name
The feeling's bad
deep inside
when you've lost your sense
lost your pride.
If those who've chosen
that road could know
that they have got
so far to go . . . .

—Harold R. Craig

VOCABULARY EXERCISE

In the back of a galaxy
  a mass of grandiloquent energy
aggrandized as it whirled through
celestial nocturne.
  All that saw it
    stared in awe
then--
  whispered of its lucent beauty.
One minute soul murmured and yet
  was heard above the clamor,
"It was only God, passing."

--Lynda Bell

CONFERENCE

(for JM)

I silent image
  mirrored in the boundaries
of my mind,
I horizon that you touched
and built to form the feature
  of this that I call me,

I know you--my friend--
and I trust you to know me.
All the walls are gone now
  and I trust you to be gentle
    with the trembling new born me.

--Lynda Bell

Daphne

I traveled with you down lonely roads
  passing dark secret houses with their
    solitary light shining,
  slowly past gently breathing fields
    who had curled to sleep.
We scattered the silence with our footfalls
  creeping through forests who, weeping,
    shook their tops softly.
We perched and slept above the moon-laden
  ribbon which quietly flowed below us.
A wind whisper awoke me in the night telling
  me things about you.
I turned to your love bed finding only
    moonlight dancing there
  and the breeze blew the secrets to me
    that I will never understand.

--John Lawrence Smith

BASEBALL

I walk up to bat,

My knees begin to shake.

I wonder if a hit

Is what I'm going to make.

The first ball comes by;

It doesn't look so bad.

I swing the bat and miss;

That really makes me sad.

Two more balls come by;

The ump sees just like me.

Just two more like that,

And on first base I'll be.

The pitcher rares back--

He intends to throw a strike.

I swung! And to get that ball

The outfielder needed a bike.

--Chris Cooke


SOMETIMES I
JUST WANT
TO CRY

Love Affair

She came to me flowing,
like the gentle night tide.
Gently reaching and touching,
like a newly found bride.

Her words so caressing
as waves on the shore
had shut out all reason
and I opened the door.

We dwelt there in splendor.
It seemed such a game,
as vibrant as colors
a cool summer rain.

Then we traveled together
in torture and pain.
Love became hate,
they merged as the same.

I tried to save it.
Was it really that vain?
At times I couldn't
remember my name.

Had I opened my eyes
when I opened my heart
and viewed with reason
rather than lust,
I might have viewed things
with weary distrust,
and I might not have traveled
the lonely road
of drugs . . . .

--Bob Holzworth

The Shaking of a Precedent

forgive me
forget me
i'm tired of fighting
i've no more thoughts
that i can bear to see
ignored or shattered
by you
with your sterile cliché
and me
as i grow older

the casualties are too high
to fight inward battles
let alone
wars against men
i've fought too many
private wars
to raise my heart
against you

so if i seem drained and grey
and a thousand shouts away
forgive me
forget me
i'm going home.
--dmseymour

AABCB

If I write my song
And you sing along;
If you buy me a beer;
Keep in mind
I'm a stranger here

If you take me home;
If you let me roam;
If you dry my tears;
Keep in mind
I'm a stranger here.

If you save my soul;
If you make me whole;
If you kill my fears;
Keep in mind
I'm a stranger here.

dmseymour



PARCHED

The leaves hung limp and dry
Making only a scratchy, crackling sound
Whenever the hot evening breeze touched them.
The grass was faded and parched
And rustled like straw
As I passed by.
"They depend on you,"
I chided God.
"No one else can make them fresh.
Only clear, sweet rain
From your hand
Can make them soft and green again.
They have no power of their own.
They look to you for everything.
They do you no harm but rather seek to be your glory.
How can you deny them that you've made?"
That night, as I lay in bed,
I heard the rain come.
Huge, glopping drops,
Seeping down between the cracks of hardened clay.
It brought me little comfort.
And I couldn't understand why
Until I realized
That the trees and leaves were not my true concern:
I was the one who ached with thirst.
It was me,
Who felt so parched and faded and forsaken.

Lord,
Water me.

Sara Walker

THE CRY GOES UP

The cry goes up for Peace,
but if a person can't live
with himself or his parents,
can he live with the world?

The cry goes up for Love,
but if we can hate our neighbors,
can there ever be true love?

The cry goes up for Life,
but look at all the death
that this search has brought about.

The cry goes up.
Will it ever be answered?

--Nancy Yarborough

It's getting late now,
I don't know what time it is--
It really doesn't matter.

Time is selfish;
It gobbles up precious moments
As if they meant nothing.

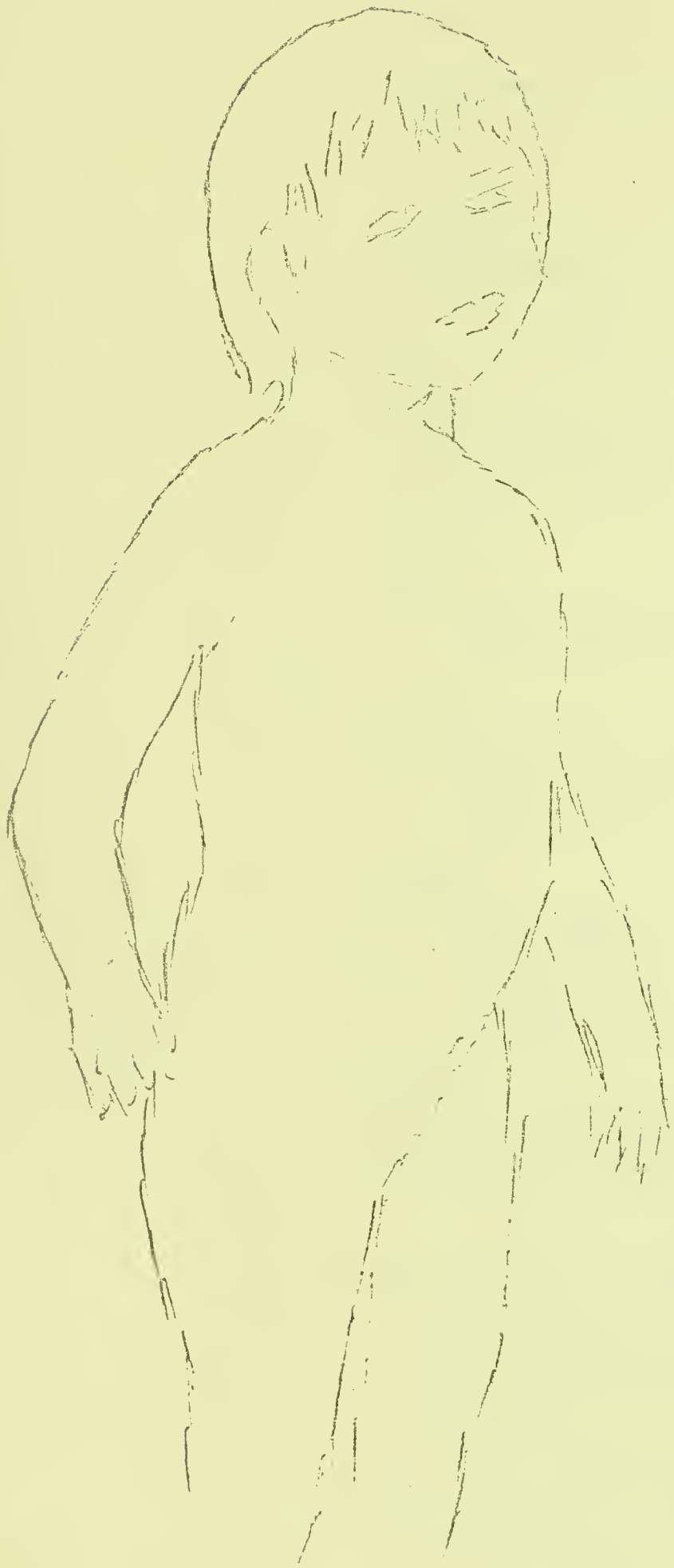
But we know, don't we?
We live each second to its fullest,
Cheating time of its little game.

--Nancy Yarborough

D. S. T.

Cars like big cats
creep out of black holes
stalk down dark streets
piercing the darkness with white eyes
searching eastward for their prey--
the sun.

--Glenda Wilhelm



THE CHILD

by

Toni Stikcleather

the mind of a child . . .
is a complex system which only
the bravest of men try to understand.

a peeping sun through window panes
tells us a new day has dawned
a day that holds a young child's games
with the innocence of nothing wronged.

now out to breakfast and out to play
in a world only children see,
and as a thought in the mind of a child
i know in this world i'll be.

where
butterflies are hatched from golden eggs
and centipedes have fifty million legs

where
alligators hide in the "old mill creek"
and the front step of the haunted house
does actually creak

where
your daddy is the strongest man
in the town
he once (in the backyard) wrestled
a tiger he found.

and in the world where the moon is
a big apple pie
that can be eaten by swinging
and touching the sky.

now this is a world of private seclusion
that can be unlocked with a key
of pretending illusion,
so on to the corridors of knowledge
i travel
and try the complexity of fear
to unravel
for along with the happiness and
dreams of a child
there are dangers so fierce
and so wild

so once again unlocking the doors
to the eyes
i look from behind a deceiving
disguise
for the innocence born on a
child's fresh face
can cover the pain yet cannot
erase
a fear of darkness that lies untold
and loud, unkind people who appear so bold
and a frightening, wintery night so cold.

now these are some of the fears i did see
as i opened the portals to set them all free
for the thoughts in a child should happy be.

postlude

from beginning into infinity
i travel
for life is fleeting yet
thoughts do remain
and are passed on through time
in the minds of all men

thoughts which signify hope--
for hope as an anchor
firm and sure holds fast
the christian vessel and
defies the blast.

thoughts which signify achievement
for achievement teaches us
how to learn to labor
and to wait.
men are remembered by
their achievements as
footprints in the sands
of time.

thoughts which signify wisdom
wisdom is the perfect good
of the human mind, for
wisdom gives life to
those who have it.

and thoughts that bind together a
brotherhood
while laying a foundation for
dreams.

for dreams are not so far away,
far, how far, no tongue can say,
so let us dream our dreams today.

MEMORIES

Memories which lace your mind and light your cigarette:
Some made to remember, some made to forget.
Lost in webs of time, I guess;
    Live today, forget the rest.

Watchin' summers dry away like dew upon the grass,
Winter winds which linger but, in time, must surely pass;
Silver moons on midnight snow;
    Wave goodbye and let them go.

Passin' years which grey your hair and etch upon your face.
Future hopes and memories which keep you in the race.
Winter comes as summer flees,
     Full of hope and memories.

--Jeff Templeton

Time passes...slowly
Minutes are as drops of water....drip....drip....drip....etc.
The night is gone, slipped away under the cover of darkness.
Day has entered....bow down.
                smile
                laugh
                rejoice
                dance
                sing
                give honor

Time is upon us
                Shadows are lifting
                Catch the sun in buckets....Don't spill a drop!
Smell the wind, fresh and clean
Don't be afraid
                Run nude in the light
                                No one knows the better
Hurray!

--Jeff Templeton

God, in wisdom and in pity,
gave the people of the world
their most precious gift: Death.

---Lynda Bell



One day I went walking
I saw grass and trees..which grew from tiny seeds.
Even the tiniest blade of grass had its own shadows,
texture, and the scent of newness.

I saw a sky, blue and bright and beautiful. The background
for all of His creation, the glory of it all shining
and infinite and proving there is not a limit
to what can be.

I heard birds and bees. Wind and seas. Leaves rustling,
people bustling, somewhere, unaware that peace
lies right there, because they didn't have time
to just be.

I smelled a bloom. The grass. The freshness of water. I didn't
want this loveliness to pass, but I knew it must, though
it would return again, and again, perhaps in the
same form or still another.

I felt the joy of moving slowly, sometimes quickly. Sometimes I
felt sorrow for all of those far and near who couldn't
share, who wouldn't share, might never know
the beauty of God's peace.

I felt love for my Creator, for being given the privilege to be
here now, whenever now is, wherever now is and doing whatever
now is to be spent doing.

So many times these memories fade,
I become lonesome, I feel lost once again. But not for long.
For no matter how long and hard the storm, the sun comes out
once again. Shining, warming and nourishing...
the earth, and
my soul.

--Marty Folsom

My Family

In my family the children number four.
There are times when I wish there were a few more.

Not at mealtime when we have only small steaks,
Nor at dessert time when we have a big pineapple cake,

Just times like when I need help fighting my brother
Or times when I need help settling arguments with my mother.

Two boys and two girls they say is an ideal number.
And since I am the oldest, smartest, and best-looking,

I won't grumble.

--Chris Cooke

Seeds sprout
Plants grow
Flowers bloom
Bees pollinate
Men kill.

Sammy Harmon

Greater men than I have walked this trail.
Greater men than I shall follow.
But in the end, I and all of those
Greater men shall die in pain and sorrow.

--Sammy Harmon

To smile is to show yourself.

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To love means
not just to see but
to feel purely and
simply, in love.

Love is giving
everything and
expecting
nothing.

Touch me and see
the lovingness of me.
To know is to love
And to love is to know.

WE

Do you see
what I see
where I see
when I see?

No, because you
aren't me.

As I am me
As you are you
We are we.
Together we are one.

YOUR LOVE

To be, not one, but two,
Would be my heart's desire.

How can I keep going
Without your love?

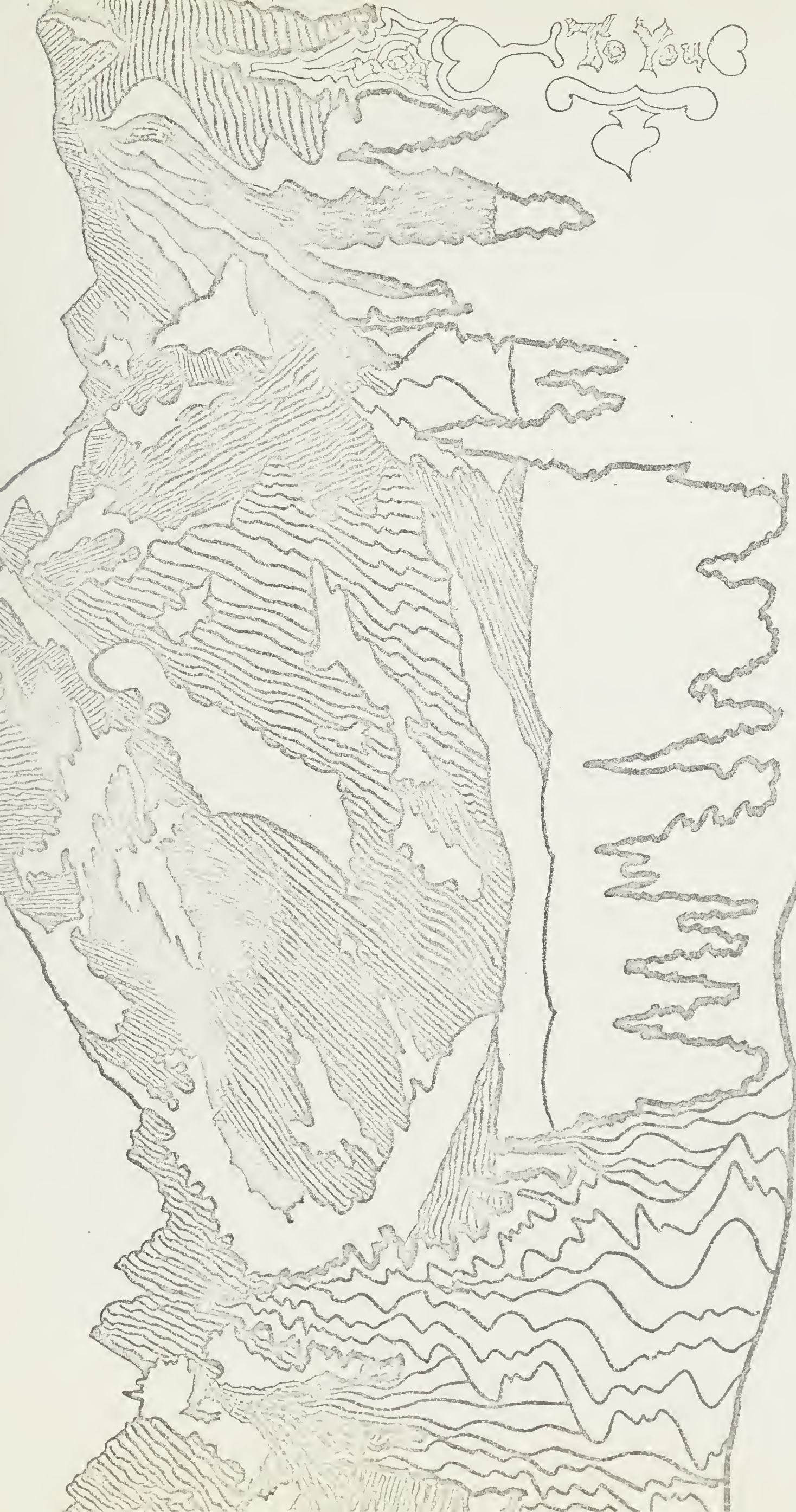
MISS YOU

How I miss
your calls
your face
your warm
embrace

Miss our talks
your loving looks

Miss your hand
holding mine
in the cold

How I miss
your hellos
and even your
goodbyes.



To You

I hate you
You
lie
rape
murder
destroy
How can you be
so cruel
cold
evil
You disgust me
I spit in your face
I've seen
the innocent hurt
I've smelt
the babies burnt
I've heard
the lonely cry
I've felt
your cold cold eyes
So damn smug
You sit and judge
Satan alive
I hate you
I hate myself
For I am you
Yet
I love you
You
truthful
lover
creator
Oh God
how beautiful
how wonderful
you are
I embrace
and kiss you
Oh dear
sweet
brothers and sisters
I see within you
untapped reservoirs
of love
We can drown the
evil
with our love
burst the dam
But you say
it is hard
oh so hard
to give
to know
to love
Each day
Adam falls
I know
I understand
I am
YOU

Steve Messick

Sitting alone, crying. The tears of misery.
Each tear drop symbolizing the agony of the world's disposition.
Stretching for a touch that may possibly cure this distorted feeling of one's innermost self.
But in reaching, find there's nothing except the destined destruction ,
The world never taking time out to return that affection that is so greatly desired,
Looking only for what wealth can be engulfed by the everreaching grasp of those highly refined sophisticates.
With them is never to turn backwards, to look, and to see how much waste has been spilled.

* * Harvey Reid

Hey, People! You noddin' agin'; you betta wake up!
I said, Hey, People, you noddin' agin'; you betta wake up!
Cause if you don't, the man's gonna tip around.
Yeah, he's gonna tip around and catch you.
And you gonna be his,
His to handle any way he wants,
His to do with what he chooses.
So I say, Hey, People, you betta wake up!

--Harvey Reid

I'm a Black man,

And this Black hand

Will some day rule this land.

I'll get power, Black power,

And I'll use it every hour.

Yet I wonder if this should be,

To treat those people the way

They have treated me?????????I don't know. . . .

--Harvey Reid

WHIMS

I wish my hands
were busy touching
you; stroking you.

I wish my mouth
were busy telling
you secrets of how
I feel about you.

I wish my mind
were busy thinking
of ways that I
could please you.

But, mostly, I wish
that my heart were
busy in building
up my hopes
that you'd be busy
with me in return.

--Joe

DAVID

What would you say
if I said that I'd like
to be in your company?

It wouldn't hurt me if
you would say, "No thanks,"
though it would wound
me if you
said nothing
at all.

--Joe

FACTS ABOUT FOOD

Sandwiches were named for the Earl of Sandwich, an English nobleman of the eighteenth century. He enjoyed playing cards, and he would order a servant to bring him two slices of bread with a piece of meat between them.

Some Europeans eat a fourth meal, called supper, late at night. Continental Europeans often have an early breakfast of sweet rolls and coffee or hot chocolate and eat a second breakfast later on--hence the term "continental breakfast."

Early civilizations developed in areas where food was plentiful. The ancient Egyptians grew crops in the rich soil of the basin of the Nile River. They preserved food by pickling, smoking, or salting.

The early Greeks and Romans "buttered" bread with olive oil, and grapes were fermented to make wine. They raised fish in ponds and were the first to use oyster beds.

Between 1000 and 1300 A.D., Europeans were taken to eastern lands by the Crusades. Here they ate new foods and acquired new tastes. Their desire for better food influenced the exploration of new lands.

Christopher Columbus hoped to bring spices from India. Though he did not find spices, he opened the pantries of Europe to new vegetables, such as corn, potatoes, squash, and tomatoes.

Spanish explorers brought back cassava roots and cacao beans. The Indians in the New World showed the colonists where to find salt and and taught them how to cook wild animals.

Mary Jane Blackley



DIAMONDS

The human soul is as a diamond.
Hard, precious, beautiful
We find them in nature
Raw, hidden.
To find them, you must dig.
They seem cheap, dull, covered with dirt,
But given care
Polished
They reveal
Beauty
Infinite depths
A thousand facets,
They refract the light about them
Heightened, excited, enlightened.

But, remember:
The only thing that can polish a diamond,
That can reveal the hidden beauty,
Is another diamond.

--Steve Messick

AS YOU ARE

At first look, I could
see you. A hard, gentle person.
Wanting the gentle to override the
hard and let self be
exposed.

Don't cover yourself
from me . . . let your
self be free for I
can accept you as you
are and not what
you have to be.

--Chip

To live in the hearts
of the ones we love
is not to die.

--Ginny Lee

With the dropping of leaves in fall
The cold loneliness of winter's kiss
Starting all over with warm spring's call
The life of a tree or an answer to a wish
To accept things for what they have been
A longing for what they can be
Loving and learning how to win
Opening the heart and mind to see
A helping hand from deep within
Knowing the heart of a true friend
To see us all from out to inside
Finding we are all married to the same Pride.

Nancy Patterson


ΠΑΤΗΡΟΜΝΗΣΤΟΝΘΕΟΝ

THE RAT



A MANIC-DEPRESSIVE HALLUCINATION

by

Rodney W. Page

The young gentleman sat down to the task he knew had to be done. He had only seven more hours to do it in, and it had to be done. He had had his fun that night and was wanting to put it off, but the fact remained: the term paper had to be done that night.

As he laid his pen and paper ready and the book (Hamlet) on the desk in front of him, he wished to God--or Satan--or anybody--that he could get out of this damn paper.

Well, anyway, as he got maybe the first two or three words written down--SLAM!--a noise from the front hallway.

"That damn cat!" he exclaimed. Gary (by the way, that's this young fellow's name) chased the cat through the hall, downstairs, and out the back door.

By this time it was getting to be about three a.m., and he knew he had to get to work. He ran upstairs and was just starting diligently to work when suddenly he heard a noise in the closet--or maybe he didn't. Yes, there it was again.

Very quietly Gary slid out of his chair and picked up a golf club that he kept in his room. Cautiously, with the motions of a cat, he moved to the closet door to once and for all end the noise of that rat that had been keeping him up nights.

As he threw the door open, preparing to swing the club down, he spied a pair of black patent shoes with spats above them. Following them up was a full tuxedo, a top hat and cane, and in this apparel was a six-foot rat begging his pardon.

Stepping out of the closet, handling a cigarette holder with cigarette from which smoke was issuing but which, strangely enough, was

not being consumed, and in the other hand a shot glass that he sipped from constantly and never emptied, he looked at Gary nonchalantly and said, "Are you too busy to talk?"

At first the fact that the rat had spoken to him didn't bother Gary, so he answered, "No." Then it began to bother him. But the rat had a certain air that gave Gary a feeling of security, so he no more feared or, in point of fact, was surprised at him being a six-foot rat in a tuxedo.

After this, the two talked rather freely to each other as do two friends that haven't seen each other in a long time. The rat offered Gary a drink and with pleasure he accepted. Whipping a small shot glass and a bottle of very vintage whiskey out, the rat poured him a drink. Together the two talked and drank until finally the rat said, "I must go; it is getting extremely late."

The next morning, Gary's mother, trying diligently to get him awake, finally resorted to pouring water over his head.

Waking groggily and drooling over his term paper, he sat up and looked down at his paper with the title "Hamlet" written and smeared at the top of the page. Suddenly out of his hand fell a small shot glass.

You may ask me if I think this story true or false. I know the answer. For, you see, I was there.



Illustrated by Mary Quattlebaum

THE DREAM

I laid down my mind
to sleep
A dream
a vision
came in the night

I awoke and saw
a pale orb
Diana rising
casting her spell
In the dim light I perceived
outlines
strange shaped (white trees and gray lakes)
Looking closer I saw
faceless men and women
ashen colored
no eyes
no ears
no lips
reach out to touch
They stumbled on
unfeeling
Then I heard
a faint whisper
the song of the somnambulist
All the people
danced to the tune
not knowing why
To the east
a faint glow
the hidden sun waiting
below the horizon
to bring
light
warmth
life
so the blind might see
the deaf hear
the buds bloom
Would it rise?
Or forever lie hidden?
I don't know
My eyes closed

The next morning
I awoke
and joined the sleepwalkers

--Steve Messick

Lineage

Let's be family.
Well, really we are already.
I mean, I was born,
And that's all the proof I need
That we're related.
So many people--
Everywhere--
Searching for their roots.
If only they could understand,
We all belong to one another,
Bound as long as life endures
In a kinship we can't deny.
Imagine--Someday,
Mankind reaching
Each to each
Saying,
"Let's be family."

--Sara Walker

PETTIT MOTS

One's greatness comes only from one's losses.

* * * * * * *

My naked appearance--
The vision of a thousand strings
hung in my mind.

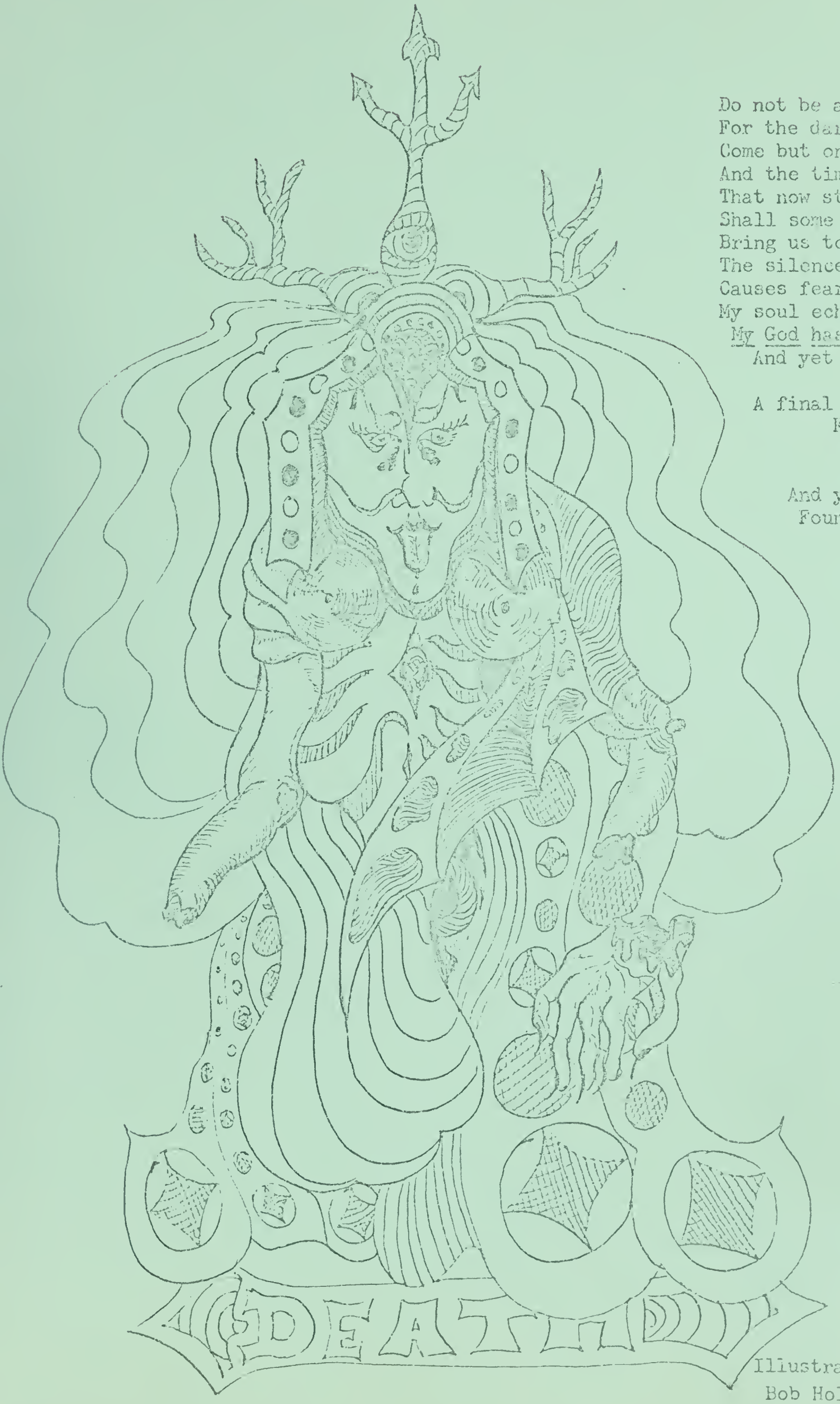
* * * * * *

My dreams are like smoke--
They fade away and leave nothing.

* * * * * *

Sex is sometimes
a burden. It is a way
to show love, and then
it can get in the way of love.

by Mike Pettit



Do not be afraid
For the dark and coldness
Come but once.
And the time
That now stands still
Shall some day
Bring us together.
The silence of many tongues
Causes fear in my heart.
My soul echoes shouts of
My God has deserted me--
And yet he has not.

A final prayer:
Fear not;
My God has not
deserted you.
And you have surely
Found peace.

--Rusty

Illustration by
Bob Holzworth

A Dream . . .

is something
to hope, to strive,
to push onward and forward for
in a world of dis-believing
and unfaced reality.

A Dream . . .
is something
to want, to strive to get
through a world of sadness
and anxiety.

A Dream . . .
is something
like a cloud floating through space,
never to be touched, harmed or
taken away.

A Dream . . .
is a
place of enchantment, a quiet
moment by something or someone
you love.
It's a wish to be wished on an
Aladdin's Lamp,
to blow softly through the air
without moving or stirring
tree, bush, or the very stillness of the earth.

A Dream . . .

is an
impossible conquest which will linger
on in memory
with a taste of wanting to last
through all eternity.

--Toni Stikeleather

AUDIENCE

They stare while they
examine. Will they
destroy me or ignore
me? No, they must kill
me! At least, that
way, I'll know that
they paid me a little
attention.

--Joe (dedicated to the Speech Class)

Why me?
Why must I be the one
Who is always wrong?
Can't you see, America, it's
been that way too long?
Am I a man because I fight
your wars?
When you play with your
people, like children
with toys,
O, America, are you really
the land of the free?
When all I ask for is peace
and love,
America, why me?

--Harold Craig

Turning through the
Pages of my mind,
There are brown, aged sheets
With the corners turned down
Full of memories--
A day in the mountains,
A night on a quiet
deserted beach and
Happy moments with friends,
Pictures that come and go
Of people who have made
My life so complete,
Faces that smile
And bring me
Happiness when the present
Engulfs me in grief.
And the memories of you
That were not so happy
Cannot be erased
But need not be
Remembered.

--Rusty

Is it so important to hear cars go by,

Or to simply know

That Jacques Cousteau still lives

And hummingbirds are smaller than eagles?

For when you ponder and I see your face,

I realize 50-cent pieces and crayons

Could mean more than me.

But if I had a thousand dollars

And all the crayons in the world,

Would it be so important?

--Rusty

The world is a marketplace of dreams,
each man bargaining for his own destiny.
Jonathan Allen

COMMUNICATION

Look with your heart,
Hear with your eyes,
Feel through the pores
of your body.
Speak through your fruits;

and the rain and
wind will come
to bathe you,

Tides shall come
in folly,

Stars and moons
will come to
greet you

And the warm ground
rest you in
peace.

Amen,

Mark Porter

WHERE ARE YOU?

I was with you
but now I am here,
tripping through a
black and color-
flashing eternity.
I thought I was
near you, I even
saw you, and yet,
I was being pulled
away. Pulled back
into my sickness
of losing you.

--BFS

MARKERS

Row upon row
Of brick and stucco
Or wood if you're poor.

Hideaway places
Of plastic-type faces
Who bolt up the doors

Graves self-contained
Of those who refrain
From reaching to someone

From love and from giving
Or touching or living
They give and they get none

Fearing the days
And fearing men's ways
As the shadows grow darker

As time slowly goes
All they can show
Is a brick, stucco marker.

S A R WALKER

LIBRARIES

Musty little alcoves
Shelter dusty plots and prose,
Heroes long forgotten
Still triumph over foes.
Yellowed dog-eared pages
Hold the wisdom of the sages,
And lovely leading ladies
Still live in quiet repose.
Faded, broken covers,
At attention in straight lines,
Run the gamut of emotions
And span the bridge of time.
A storehouse full to flowing,
And all who care of knowing
Can help fulfill the prophecy
That those who seek shall find.

S
A
R
WALKER

He Is There . . . Sleeping

I see him there...
sleeping.
I wonder where
his resting mind
is taking him.

I see him there...
sleeping.
I wish that I
could follow him
to love him, but
his dreams won't allow me
to do so.

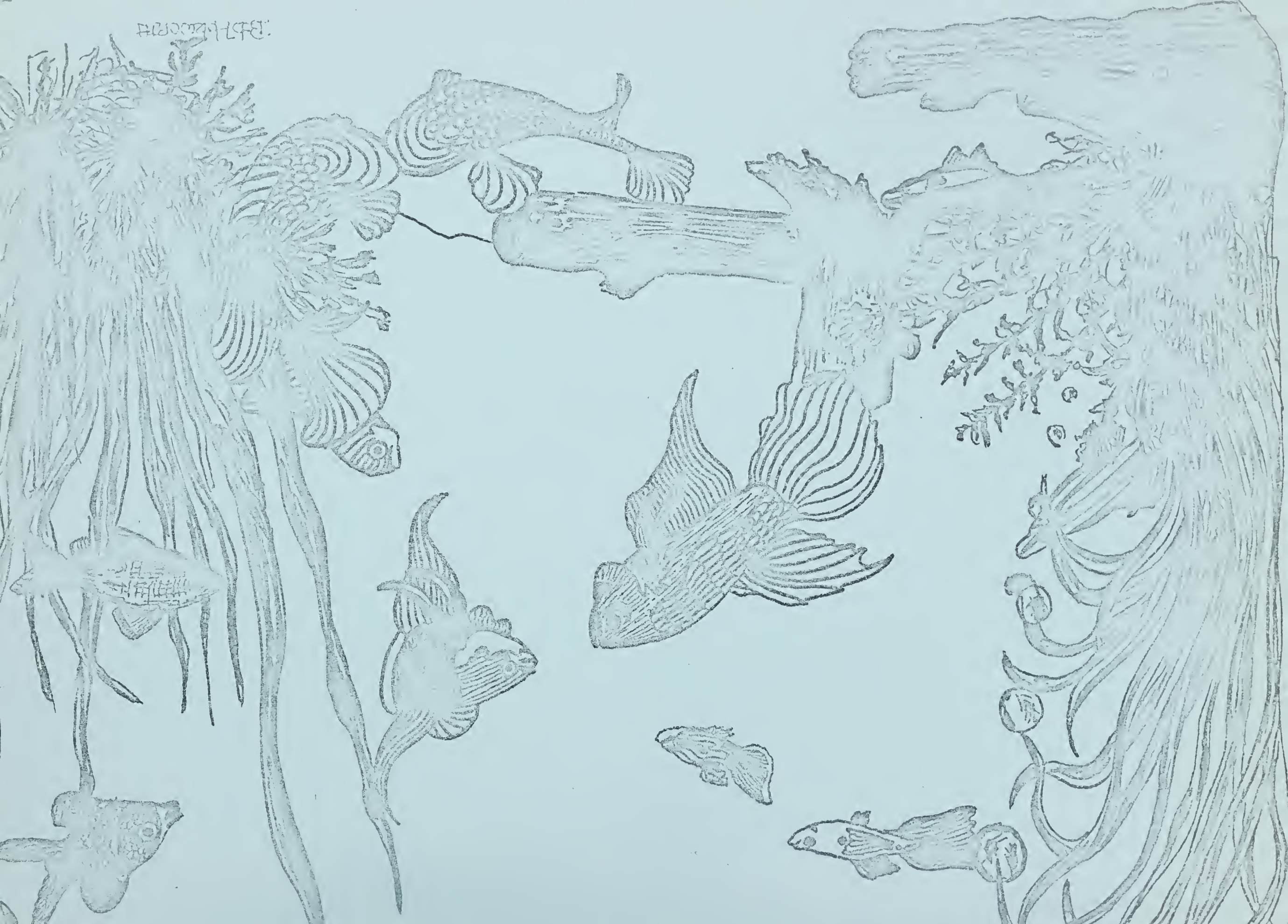
Still...
while he's there
sleeping
perhaps he's dreaming
of me. . . .

--Joe

While He Sleeps

Trees were dark
against an already
dark sky. The lake
was resting in its
sleepy quietness.
His eyes were still
yet they were dancing
with thought. I wanted
to touch him . . .
But he might awaken.

--Joe



Last Year's Broken Children

nights blend slowly
under blue haze of hash
frightened pain laughter
on 25 peak
flashback to nocturnal wilderness trauma
when people were passion
and anger felt deep

****

We were told to walk on water
When the waves were closing in.
We began to search for saviors;
We were praying for a sin.

we packed our minds and stash bags
fought our wayward way from home
waved good-bye to childhood colors
and moved to a semi-conscious state

We wept for the sins of the city.
Begged the pagan night for more.
Made love to stumbled souls
We'd never seen before.

oh we were so very young
didn't have no place to go
except on down the road
and over the edge of the world

Now some men turn to Jesus.
And some men turn to wine.
My friends and I lay dizzy
Between the altar and the vine.

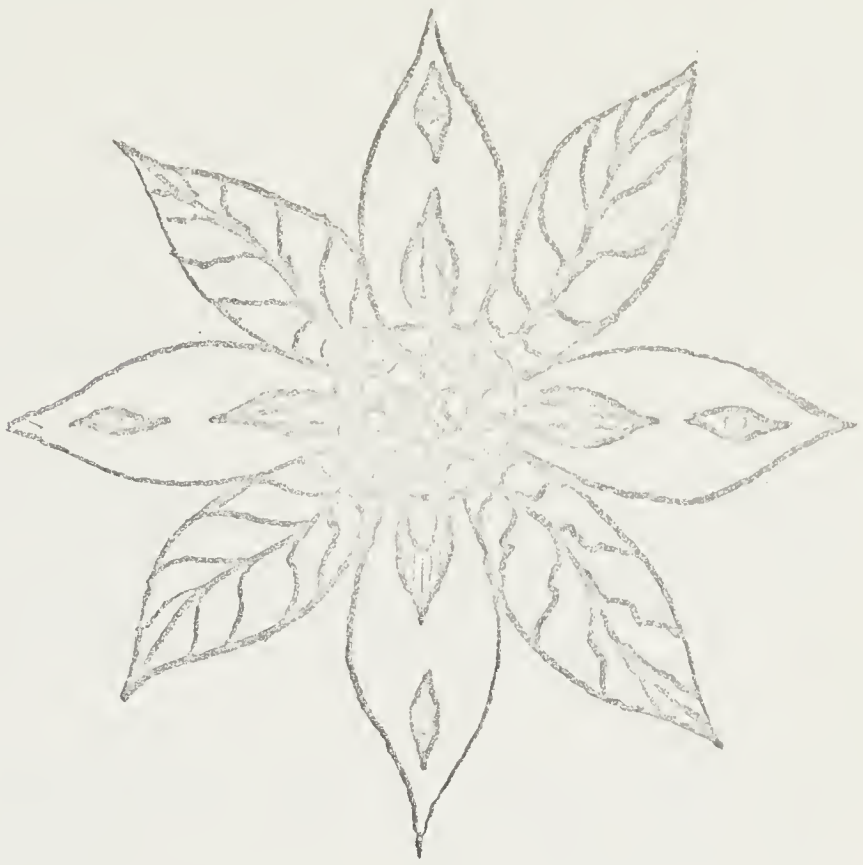
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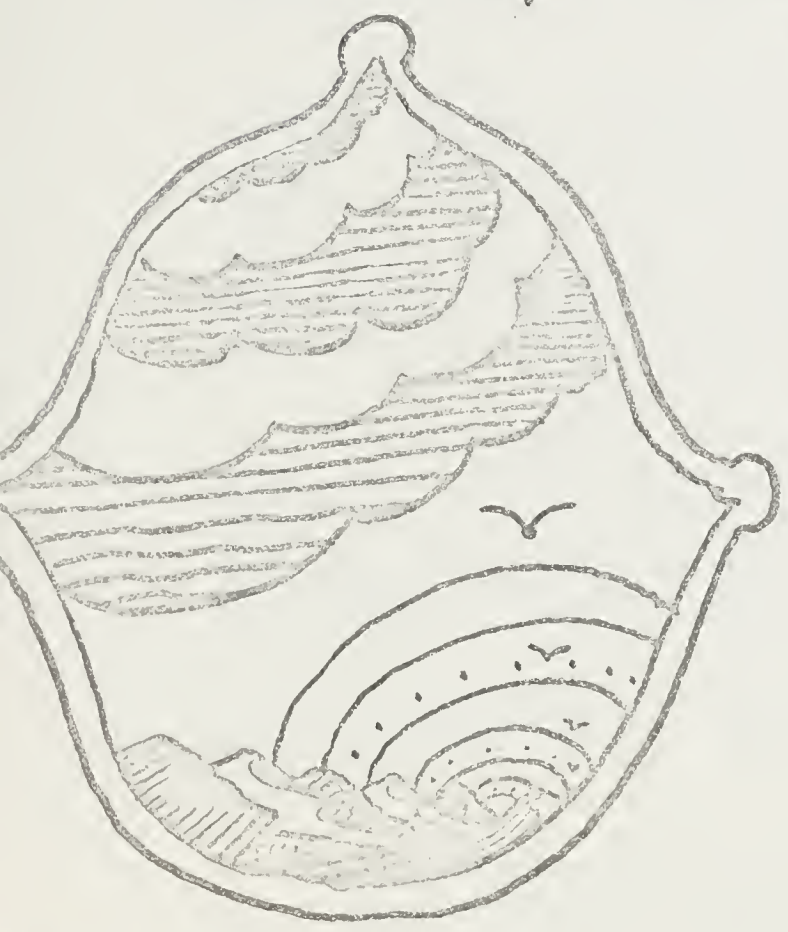
MORNING

Shine in, sun rays,
And dance upon
My wall.
Sing merrily of life
And the happiness
Triangles of bright
Yellows and reds bring.
Move freely across
My bed and warm
My trembling body,
So cold, so cold.
Give me warmth
And security
Against the torment
And anguish.

Shine in, sun rays
From God's own hand
And make me
Thankful for the
Blessings I possess--
And take away
The pain of
Losing and
Losing and
Losing.

--Rusty





DAWN

The hand of the Lord cracked the sun
On the eastern side of the world.
Soft yellow light ran and swirled,
Pushing back the dark,
Bubbling and puffing up till golden done.
God's having His sunrise scrambled today.

--Sara Walker

HOW FEELINGS CHANGE

by Kent Dowell

Have you ever noticed how indifference, love, and hate can change in a person very easily and quickly? These three main feelings, I believe, make human beings human. These feelings are funny, but dangerous. In this story, think of the above question, and observe how a person can change in his heart and mind these feelings in just a short time.

A young man of twenty-two had just taken over a farm in eastern Kansas. It was a vegetable farm, and the main crop was lettuce. Now, this farm would be his life and only source of income. Dru Jacobs had grown up on this farm and knew every detail of it, so now he would follow his father's footsteps in making this farm tops in the county. Dru wanted every head of lettuce to turn out perfect, so he could prove to everyone that he could do it.

Dru was not married, and he had taken over his father's farm because his parents had both passed away. Since he was single, he could devote most of his time to the farm. He was anxious to get things going, so after getting the farm and workers under his control, he decided to replenish his stock of supplies. After making a list of goods he needed, Dru jumped in his pickup truck and started on his way to the general store in Claytonsville, about ten miles away.

The road to Claytonsville led down a dirt road between two of Dru's lettuce fields. It looked like a brown thread on a large piece of green cloth. As he drove along, a large grayish cottontail ran into the path of the truck. There was no time to stop. Dru hit the brakes and swerved, but it was too late. He kept on going, but he looked back through the rear-view mirror and saw the large rabbit lying on the road. Its head was up, and its front feet were moving.

Dru kept driving on. Then he began to think: "The rabbit isn't dead; it's hurt. Should I go back? Or should I keep going because that rabbit is my enemy? He's trying to defeat my purpose. I'll keep going! If he dies--one less pest to my crop. But could I live with the thought of letting him lie there to die?" He decided to go back.

He found that the back legs of the hare were injured but that otherwise it seemed unhurt. He decided to take it to the veterinarian in Claytonsville.

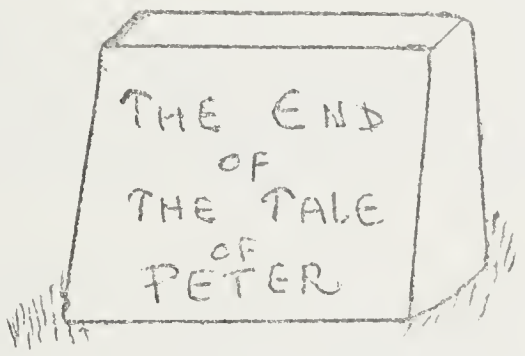
After examining the hare, the doctor told Dru that it would need care for about two weeks. Another decision for Dru to make--the animal would take up a lot of his time, and with the farm starting out he couldn't af-

ford this. But he couldn't just leave it; the vet would probably destroy it. He'd take it home.

As the days went by, Dru began to feel a touch of affection for the animal. He even felt a sense of companionship, which his life had lacked since the death of his parents. He gave the rabbit a name, Peter. Still, he knew he'd have to let him go eventually, and he fought against his growing feeling of affection.

Well, the day finally arrived when the rabbit would be set free and Dru could go about his business again. He took the animal out to the edge of the woods and let him go. Peter took off through the woods, and Dru went on his way too.

Next morning, as Dru was driving by those same lettuce fields looking over his crops, he saw a large grayish cottontail at the edge of one field. He stopped, reached above the back of the seat, and took out a double barrel shotgun. He peered and saw his enemy. As he raised his gun, the rabbit ran directly in front of the truck. Dru shot him dead. Then he picked up the carcass, threw it into the ditch, got in his truck, and went on his way.



DAINTY DOROTHY

Dainty Dorothy danced with delight
The day she did her deed.
Dorothy laughed a dastardly laugh,
Which showed her destructive greed.

Dorothy did what dainty girls don't:
She chopped off her Nanny's head.
Dorothy grinned as she stroked her chin,
Cause she'd just stabbed her Nanny in bed.

--Michael Leslie Winfield

WAS I SO WRONG JESUS?
WAS I SO WRONG MARY?

Well . . .
My girlfriend came to me
Askin' how she looked.
Of course, I said she looked real good,
But she really looked like a hood.

Well . . .
My boyfriend came to me
Askin' if I care.
Of course I said of course I do,
But there really ain't no love there.

Now . . .
The law dog's after me
Askin' about that lid.
Of course I said that I just bought it,
But Tony really did.

Then . . .
They took me to the jail.
Now I'm behind these bars.
I sure wish that I was in hell
Or at least on the planet Mars.

Was I so wrong, Jesus?
Was I so wrong, Mary ?
To keep my cool
To keep my friend
From feelin' like a fool?

--Joe

Bury My Eyes

We are the watchers in this story, you and I. We are the observers, the audience. We are the everlasting ones. The omnipresent. The eternal. Time does not wear us. Space does not tear us. We are the watchers, you and I.

****

The field is so green. Tall grasses bend gently with the wind. Bend eastward, toward the sea. The air is thick and heavy with oxygen. The sunlight is pure and healing-warm. Rich country. Fresh country.

The ship rests amid the tall grasses. Bright silver ship. Made to slice through the universe with the weight of lightyears on its thin metallic frame.

Two men stand beside the ship. They look at their instruments and know of the earth, of the air, and of the sea. And they know that it is good.

And one turns to the other and speaks to him, saying, "A continent of hope lies here. A continent of peace. There are a few differences, a few small tribal wars, but nothing serious. A future Utopia is in the making. And it will come. Provided they are left alone. Provided they are left alone."

The ship ascends and is gone. The tall grasses bend gently with the wind. They bend eastward, toward the sea.

****

Let us follow the wind, you and I. Follow it eastward toward the sea. Follow it over the tall grasses, over the trees, over the mountains, down to the sands, and down to the sea.

****

Several worn and ragged men climb from the boats and stagger forward onto the beach.

"I claim this land for Queen Isabella," says Christopher Columbus, as he kisses the sand.

****

And now we try to shut our eyes tight. We know what happens next, and we do not want to see. Ah, but we are the Watchers, you and I.

by dmseymour for all of
those at Wounded Knee

KILL THESE CRAZY PEOPLE

Kill the junkie who is strung
out on drugs and has no money to
pay. "Front me some stuff, any-
thing to keep me high," are the
only words he can say.

Kill all the young people who
have different ideas but don't
know exactly what to say.

Kill all of them who have a
different opinion; kill them all,
get them out of the way.

Kill the young girl who got in-
to trouble, not wise to the ways
of the pill.

Kill the young boy, the foolish
young lover who shared in her
guilt.

Kill these crazy people that we
hear about, read about, and see.

Yes, kill them so the world can
be run by superior beings like you
and me!

--Dawn Hutchins

ON BEING HIGH

To be high
is to be above
looking down
on the below.

--Joe

Into the silent cove
The sleepless pity
the merciless void...
Separation . . .
We were one
but now no more.
The cries of night
have silenced your love.
The voices no longer speak my name.
Your senses are cold
And I -- am broken.
We spoke of gods, yesterday and tomorrow.
Now your lips are silent
And I no longer want tomorrow.

--Lynda Bell

Our laughter
lasted long into the night,
Dawn
found your silence
lingering by my pillow.

LB

Time washed the scars...
flowing over them...
bathing them...
They are clean but ... still ...
they are deep.

LB



Concepts of sound

Changed all around

By minds clinging to a breeze

Settle down around the clouds

To harmonize with ease

A chirp becomes a string quartet

The wind, a symphony

And the sun's rays on

The whippoorwill

Play wondrous melodies.

--Bob Holzworth

DEATH

And they left as quietly as they had come
with them they had taken my life
but it made no difference
for my eyes were blind and could not
see the darkness on the outside
darkness that had crippled my hands
so that i could no longer feel
the world that it had taken so long
to find
a world outside the elements of time
existing in an abattoir of the nameless
and guilty
but now all was destroyed
so that i opened my eyes
and screamed at the murdering light.

--Toni Stikeleather

* * *

Every time I think of you I smile, just remembering all the good times we've had.
You're such an easy person to be with, we can just relax and be ourselves.

Sometimes I feel as if you're another me. You understand me and blend so perfectly with my changing moods.
When I'm with you, I know I can be myself.

When we're together, all of a sudden there's a lot of things to do, to laugh about.
You have a way to really make me high on life.

It's difficult to really know anyone, but we know each other as well as two people can. You know what's wrong with me, as well as what's right.

You make the most of my good points and put up with the rest.

It's reassuring to know you'll be there if I need you.
And you must know that if you need me, all you have to do is call.

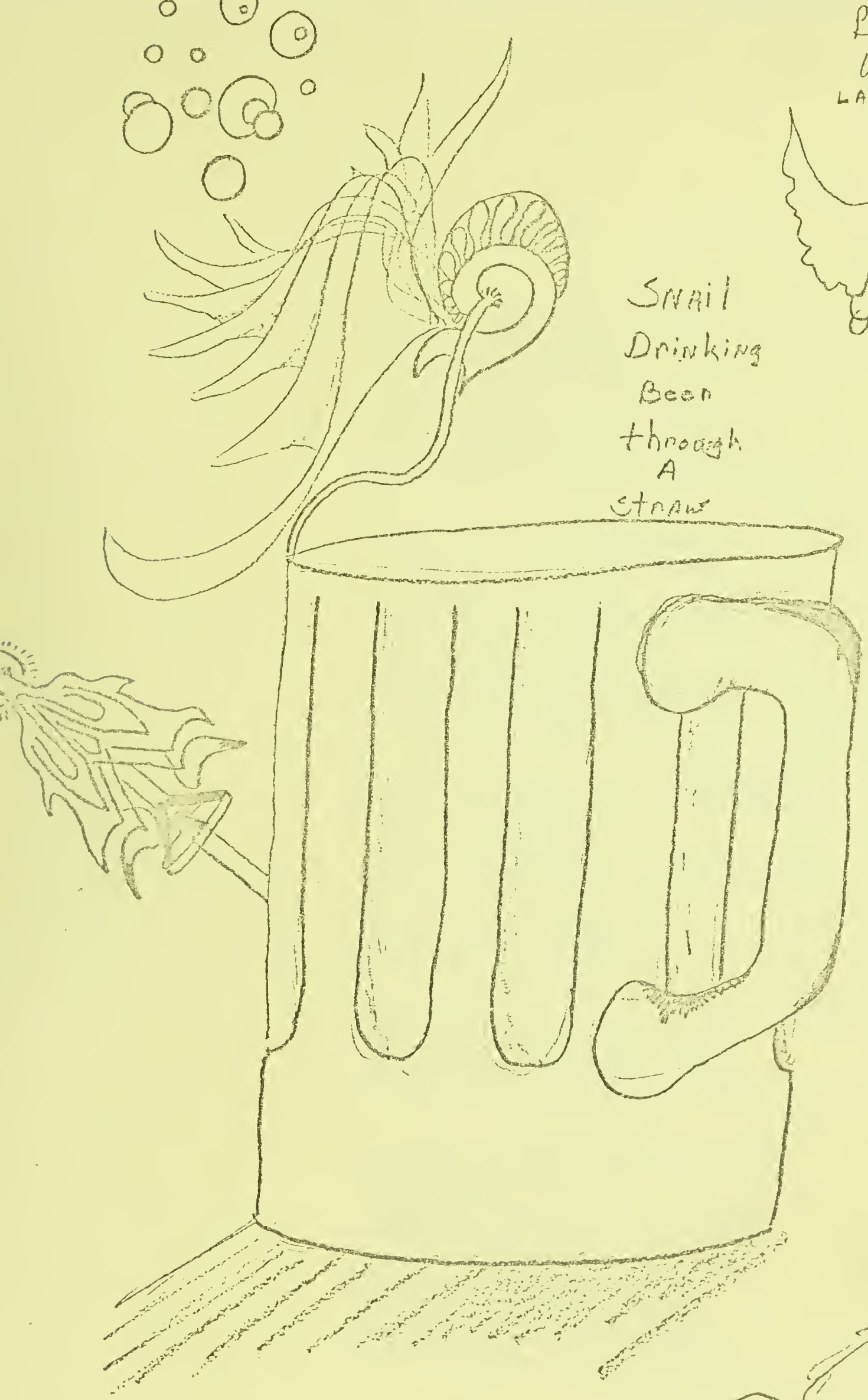
I only want to hold you. I don't want to tie you down or fence you in the lines I might have drawn. It's just that I've gotten used to having you around.
My landscape would be empty without you.

--Ginny Lee

Bald Headed Woman With Large Eyebrows



Snail Drinking Beer through A straw



Funky Chicken





Rip Van Walkup doodling his best to stay awake in Eng103B

The Poet

When the sky is an iron vault
on an endless winter's day
When the breath turns to ice
and all colors fade to gray
From out of the frozen wastes
the Poet feels the cutting wind
and goes down from his attic room
to meet his old friend

He recognizes him from afar
through the icy sheet of hail
the solitary figure
his cheeks so hollow, his skin so pale
but his eyes, Dear God
just empty hollow holes
through which you may glimpse
his slowly bleeding soul

The Poet says, "I heard your cry
and though I know what the answer is
I ask you once again
What is Loneliness?"
The empty eyes look through the Poet
and as it has for so long
up goes the empty cry
the empty man sings his empty song

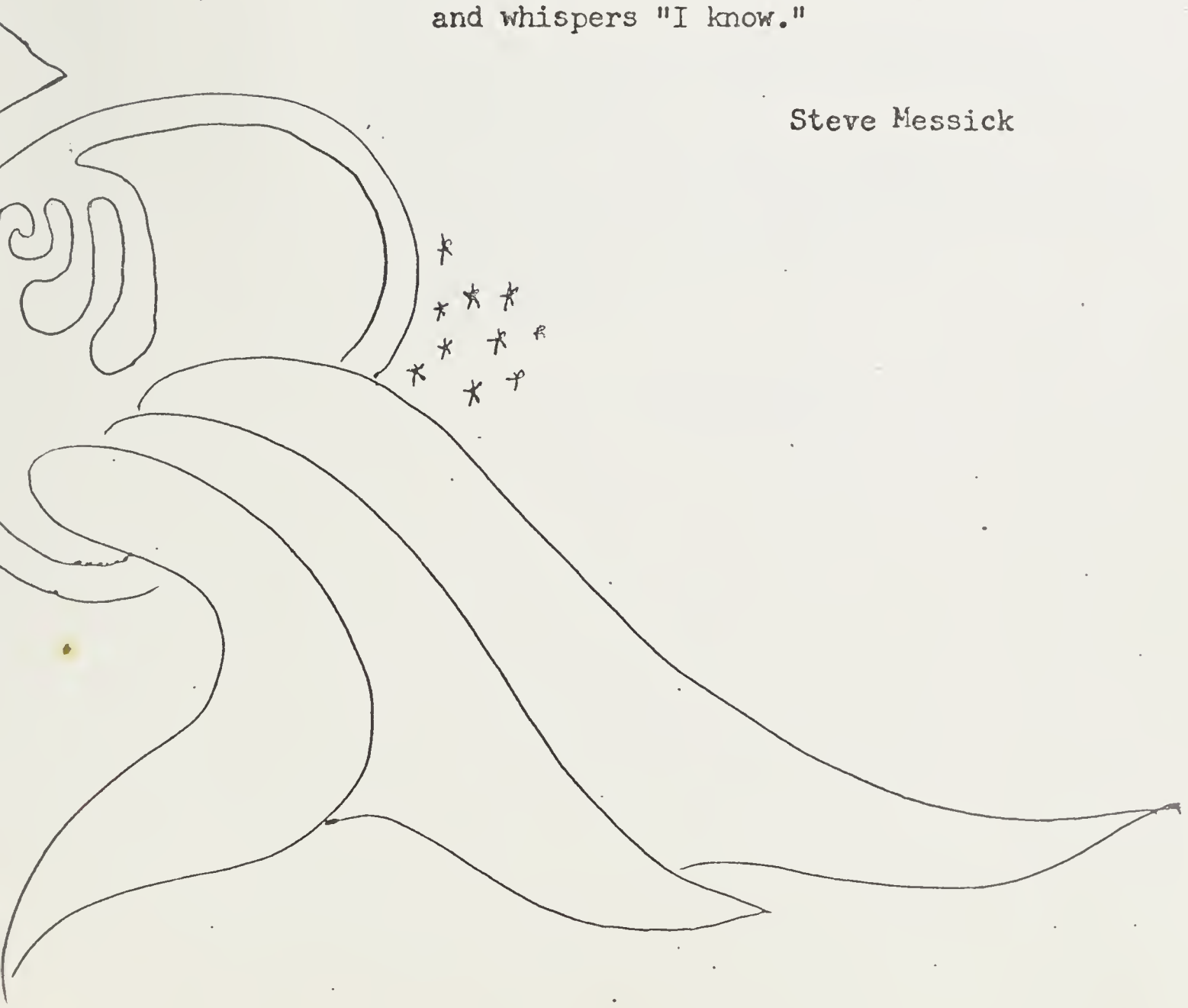
For eons I've roamed the desert wastes,
no other souls, no other face
by day the demon star reigns
his deadly rays drive me insane
by night the White Goddess cast her spell

I wander through her frigid hell
The wailing wind of burning air
blows through me as if I weren't there
demonic rocks loom over my path
silently waiting for me to pass
Overhead the buzzards fly
to pick my bones when I die
but of all of the the worst
is my burning, burning thirst

(continued)

My tongue is swollen, my throat is raw
my voice is gone so I can't call
Oh, how I thirst so
for the clear cool waters that flow
up from deep within the earth
that can bring new life, rebirth.
Occasionally, perhaps by chance,
a living oasis I will glimpse
but some that I have seen
are but mirages, just a dream.
Other times, they are real
their cool shade I can almost feel
but for some reason, I don't know why
I turn away and pass them by.
Is it madness or fear
that makes me turn when I'm so near?
These forces rip my soul apart
the hollow ring in my heart.
But one thing I do know
Oh God, I thirst so!
The Poet stands with water in his eyes
down his cheeks it flows
as he turns his back to the wind
and whispers "I know."

Steve Messick



Sometimes
When I'm sick to death of the life I lead,
The work,
The study,
The hurry,
The push,
The shove,
Sometimes
When I wonder where will I be
In 5 years
  10 years
  15 years
  Tomorrow?
I long to be a beautiful, laughing lady
Like the ones I glimpse on the arms of adoring men,
Those who are free to roam the world
Sunning in December
Skiing in July
Who never even drive their limousines
Much less ask for a dollar's worth of gas.
But then one day
I happened to talk to one of my illusive idols
And as she tossed her chic coiffure
And smiled brilliantly through her $2,000 mouth
Her eyes were not laughing at all.
She was just like me
Scared as hell.

Sara Walker

Somewhere between the pages
of a book I've not written yet,
I've known you.
In the hours between today and tomorrow,
I've waited for you to come to me.
In the silent coves of distant shores
I've heard your song and followed your laughter
Amid the tears of my life ... .
I've known you.

* * * *

The silence of dawn
broke between us.
Never before had I known you
and yet
I know
I've always loved you.
Long before you were a part of my life,
your shadow was there.

* * * * *

Be gentle with my heart.
It is all I have to give.

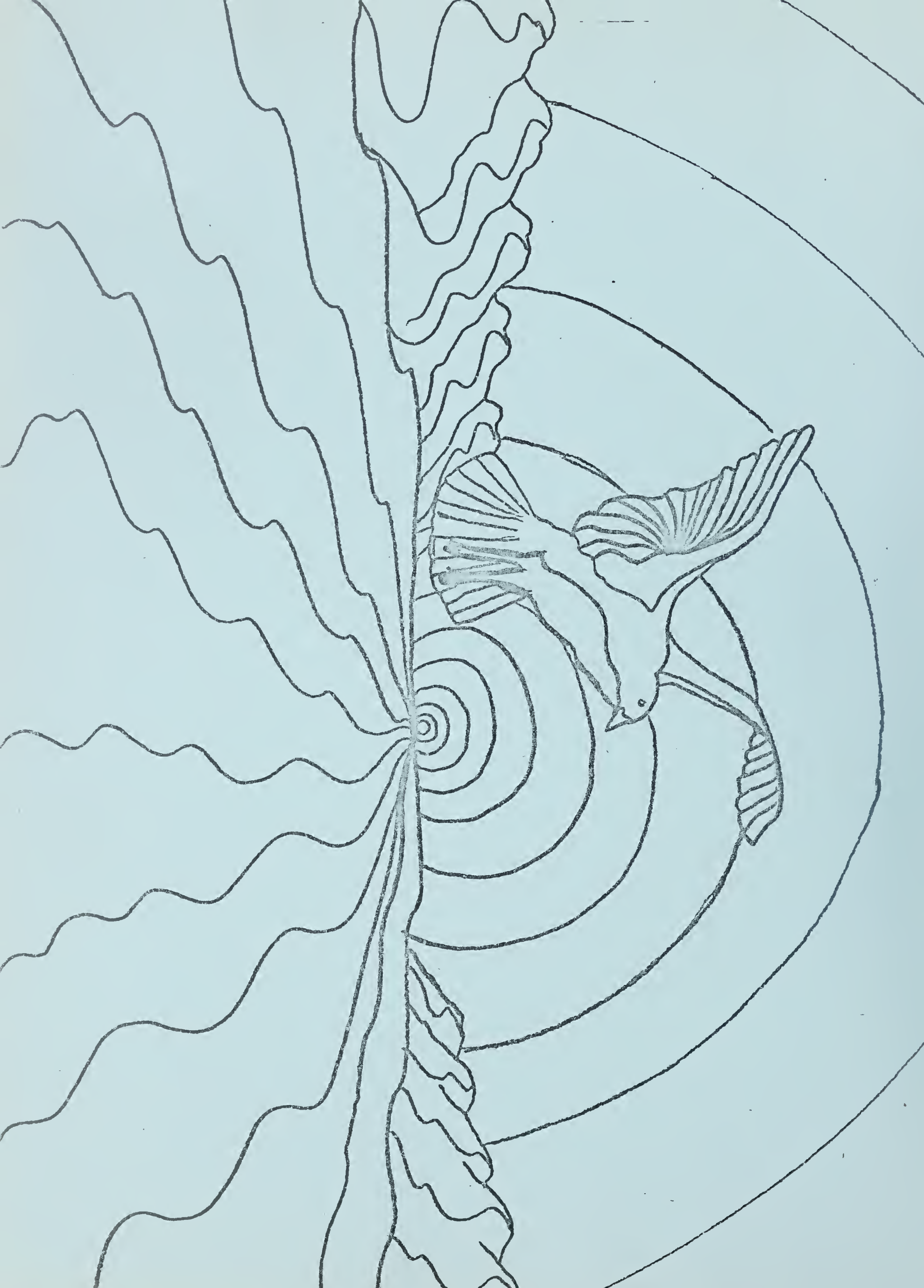
* * *

Hear my dreams:
they rustle past,
fleeing from you.
Reach gently -- but quickly --
if you wish to see the reality
of my dreams.

* * * * *

Hands
that touch mine in the night
can never be called rough--
they can only be called loved.

Lynda Bell



WANTING

I know what I want. I want to be me and not be afraid. I want to be held in warm loving arms and to be kissed lightly. I want to travel to many places and to nowhere. I want to learn from people and to teach people. I want to help them and watch them laugh. I want to feel free as the seagull when it flies over the ocean. I want to run down the beach, down the path to the hills. And--when I feel like it--sit down and cry. I want someone to do all these things with me, someone who will take me down new roads and show me new things. I will do the same for him and together we will learn. We will stand cradled in the arms of the earth and be kissed lightly by the sun.

--Karen McClamrock

a wisp of mist

a blade of grass

a star

a pebble

a time that's past

a song

a street

a big shade tree

a touch

a tear

a time to be

me.

--Karen McClamrock

CONFLICT

The rivers of my mind
call me gently
ever so gently
they tell me
come in
come in to safety
come in to calm

The rivers of my mind
call me loudly
ever so loudly
they yell to me
go out
go out in the world
the busy world
risk it all

The rivers of my mind
flow to the dam
slowly to the dam
they taunt me no longer
slowly to the dam
where they pool quietly
quietly they stagnate
in indecision

--Bob Holzworth

TENDERLY

dedicated to G. L.,
sweet lad of innocence

Tenderly . . .
He stroked my
mournful face
as he gently
whispered for
me to follow him.
Slowly . . .
I climbed to my
feet. His able
shoulders helped
to support my wounded
frame. Yes... I had
been a victim of a
broken heart.
Somehow . . .
He stopped my cuts
from bleeding and
my tears dried
away... once more.
Tenderly . . .
He left me after
loving me, and
now, my heart is
splitting again.
Yet the blood is
flowing . . .
Tenderly . . . .

--Joe

Dear Lady,
Leave gently from his
room. But leave him
with a whisper that
you loved him.
Joe

FOUR FUN WAYS TO FLUNK

It has been called to my attention that students, especially at Mitchell Community College, are having a slight difficulty in flunking out of school. I have studied the problem carefully and have arrived at a delightful, foolproof system called "Four Fun Ways to Flunk."

The first step is to cut classes. This step helps to bring about a "nice" relationship with the instructors. Step number two tells how to take care of your books. To be sure you can find them for your next class (if you go), drop them in one certain place you will remember, like the middle of the floor, or under the bed. After you drop them, don't move them whatsoever; leave them where they drop.

Step number three seems to be the most difficult for students, especially the males. Every night, go down to your favorite beer joint and get plastered. This makes you feel like taking the world on, a nice way to feel in the morning.

The last step is to get in bed early. Yes, early in the morning, like 3:00 or 4:00. All together, these four steps should have the desired effect. If, however, a student still has trouble, the only thing left is to just plain quit.

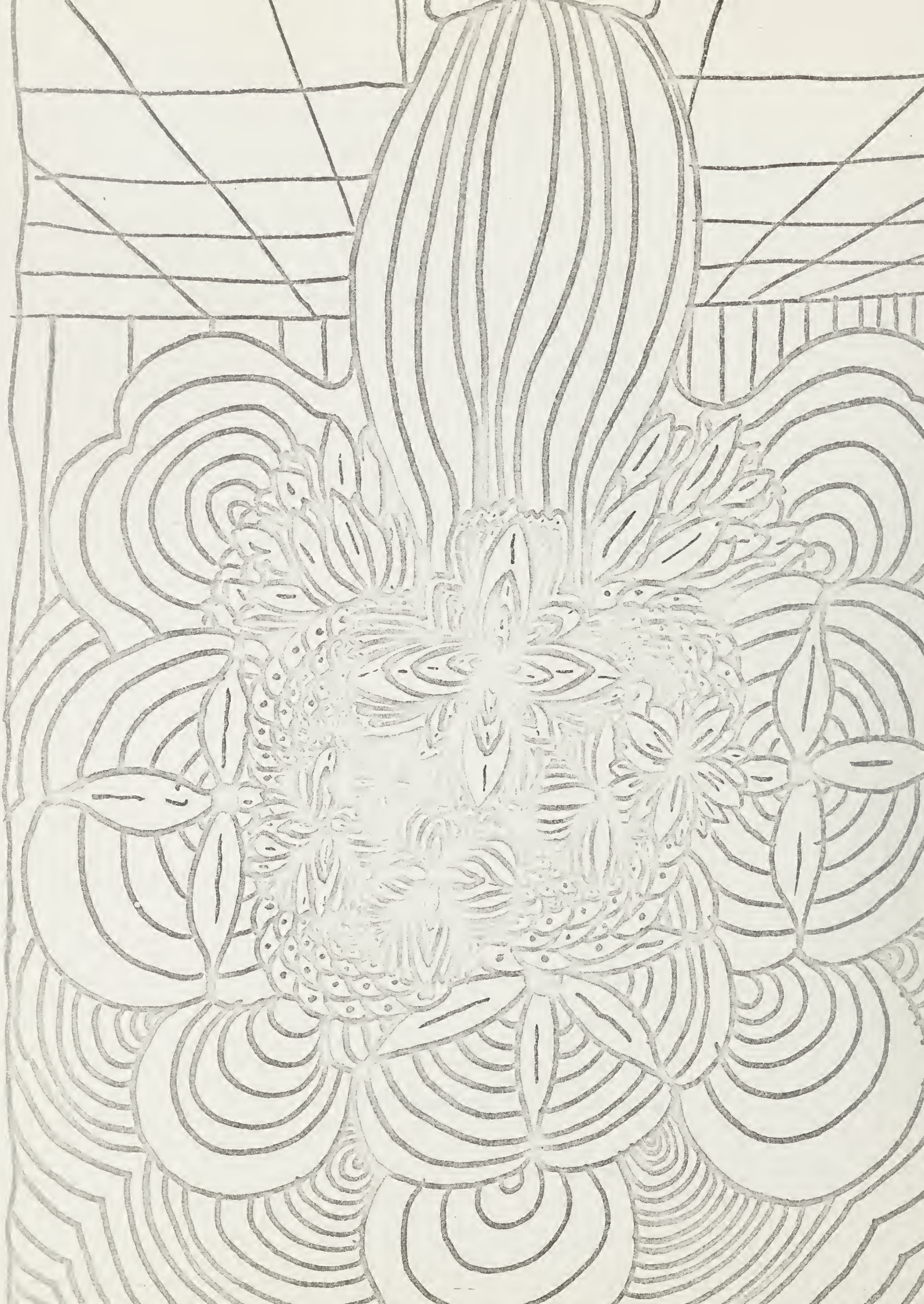
--Dawn Hutchins

Some moments may seem a bit disturbing if you try
to hold too tightly to the old or the material.
--Ginny Lee

WHAT LIES BEHIND?

What lies behind
the facade
the mask
within the shell?
The soul
raw
What is truth?
A myth
an abstract concept
Where did man learn this word?
Truth
from fellow man?
in the eyes
of his brother and sister?
Where?
I am sick
of deceit
falseness
dishonesty
in my brothers
in my sisters
in my self.

Steve Messick



Opinion Poll

How do you really feel about me?

Choose one:

a. I love you

b. I love you

c. I love you

d. I love you

You might as well pick one--

I've made up my mind!

--Sara Walker

In the Stillness of This Night

In the stillness of this night
My thoughts ramble like the
light of the flickering candle.
I'm alone and lonely, needing
someone to talk to.
I'm unsure of the way I feel
and the things I do.
Everything seems to be wrong.
I don't know what to do.
I need you.

--Charlotte Fleming

Written On A By-Pass

I am but the sad oboe
  mournfully calling
for your entrance
  upon the stage.
I have waited for eons
  in silence
Now I search the universe
  waiting . . .
For your velvet dance.

Lynda Bell

TO GOD

Humbled
needing You more
You have blessed me so much
Given me what I desired
And so little deserved
Praises well within me
And all I can offer
Is my love.

Lynda Bell

Aftermath

Left here alone
A few desolate memories
And a day of you
The wine drained--
The flowers wilted--
And so it is with us
Our warmth already savoured
And our beauty vanished
My pain drugged
And laughter--hollow
I wait to see the virtue of you.

Lynda Bell



I am not empty of love
    to give away.
No obligations or strings
    attached . . . no
Ulterior motive.

Though I don't know you well,
    I've heard it said
    that your life has been
    "hard."

Let me stand by your side
    when you're worried
            and
             t
              i
               r
                e
                 d.
    Let me give you strength
to look ahead and see light.
    Trust me
        so that I may be
            your firend.

--Chip

No man is an island.
 He is the sand on an island
  that is washed by the water
   blown by the wind
    warmed by the sun
     cooled by the night and
      found in all parts of the world.

--Sammy Harmon



Have YOU ever experienced an emptiness and aching inside your heart ? If you have, you have experienced loneliness. You do not have to be alone to be lonely. When you are lonely, your days are filled with clouds instead of sunshine, you see no future, but only remember the past. You feel as though your heart has been shattered into a thousand different pieces and you know that, although someone will come along one day and put the pieces back together, there will always be a piece missing. Loneliness involves a lot of hurt but, to experience love, you must first experience loneliness.--Terri Hoyle

Loneliness is not having anybody around to talk to, not having anybody around to share your dreams and fortunes with, not being wanted by anybody.

Loneliness is when you just lost your best friend and both of you let your pride stand in the way, instead of apologizing.

Loneliness is not having anybody believe in you when you know you are right.

Loneliness is not having enough faith in yourself to carry on though you don't have a friend.

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L O N E L I N E S S

I have no one to share my deepest thoughts with. I have no one to share my happy days with. I wish to find someone to take me away from this loneliness. It is such a terrible, distressing feeling to come home where there is no warmth, no joy, no one.

Seeing others' loneliness leaves me blind. I cannot come out of myself long enough to find someone who needs as much as I. True, it is a selfish thing, but it is also a way of life. Changing is a long, hurting process and is too painful for one as sensitive as I to undergo.

I find myself in glory on a day such as this when the rain takes my lonely thoughts flying. Tomorrow will find me back where I was, in the sunlight, hiding.

Nancy Patterson

L O N E L I N E S S IS

. . . a feeling of nothing--nothing to look forward to and nothing to look back on. Donnie Perry

. . . the coming together of memories of the past and fears of the future. Tony Bradshaw

. . . when you see everyone else having a good time and you wish you were in their place. . . . when all your friends have a date and you don't. Betty Moore

. . . when there's no one to call your name. Roger Powell

. . . the failure of something that once proved very important to you. Terri Graham

. . . a separation derived from man's lack of love for others. . . . Everyone wants to be loved, and everyone wants, in his own way, to give love. Dale Woodside

. . . a deadend road. Rickie Weaver

. . . crying out loud and having no one reply though there are people standing all around. Jon Jablons

. . . that first week of college when your family seems a thousand miles away. Karen Absher

. . . a feeling of unsure pain. When a person is lonely he has time to look at himself. Loneliness can open your eyes to the way people feel about you. Harold Craig

. . . wanting to be with others where all can share and each be accepted for what he is. Margie Mitchell

. . . sitting in one's own world, never knowing the feeling of how simple things are. . . . being afraid to get involved with life and other people. Cindy Nichols

. . . a feeling of being isolated from everyone and everything. . . . Loneliness is within each and every one. Mary Quattlebaum

. . . no one around . . . nothing to do . . . your records just don't sound good any more. Barbara York

PEOPLE CAN MAKE YOU LONELY (Cindy Nichols)

I have been in crowds of many people, and I have felt lonely. I would be talking and laughing with them, but inside of me I felt lonesome for something which I could not find at that place and with those people. . . . When you are without love, you're lonely. Kent Dowell

A teenager in the middle of a yelling crowd at a concert can be alone. . . . Out on the ocean in a fishing boat with nothing but the birds and clouds to talk to would really be lonely to me. But if I were a seafaring person, a situation like that might be heaven. Chris Brami

A person can be lonely in a crowded place. Tiffie Jones

Some people can be in a room overrun with people and still be lonely. To this I would say, loneliness is not present but appears when that person creates it. Wanda Lackey

Sometimes a person is lonely because he is thinking of himself and not others. Vickie Preston

If a person is shy he may never make friends, or he may never believe someone likes him, when they do. Greg Holmes

Loneliness can build its home in a person's heart.
Charlie Payne

Loneliness can derive from being the only person against a situation. Glenda Tomlin

A person can cause himself to be lonely by his attitude toward other people. Betty Seals

Some people feel that they are perfect in God's sight and the rest of society is totally wrong, so they neglect society and live in their own world. Javet Wilson

Loneliness is built upon a foundation of fears. Myra Prichard

Loneliness is like a jail cell. Unless the lonely person breaks the enclosing bars, he will remain inside.
Brenda Blankenship

IN SOME CASES LONELINESS HAS LED TO HAPPINESS (Alan Lineberger)

. . . can be of help because it makes one think about problems better. Mike Chapple

For the good part of loneliness, you have the chance to be with yourself. You are able to think things over without a big crowd around. Loneliness is quietness. Gary Marshall

When I experience loneliness I feel as though I'm on the other side of the mirror looking out, not able to express myself or be open to others around me. I feel as though only I exist and have no friends. I suppose, though, that this could be looked on as a blessing, because how could one truly appreciate happiness without ever experiencing loneliness? Donna Blanton

HOW DOES IT FEEL?

. . . a feeling of being set aside from the rest of the world. Queen Norman

, . . being left out of an open world all by yourself.
Vonne Kilby

. . . rejection. Deborah Duncan

. . . a feeling of insecurity. . . . being secluded in a deep dark empty pit and having no one to cry help to or relate your fears to. . . . a dwelling place for the child who does not receive love and understanding. Priscilla King

. . . having nobody to turn to or to share things with. This kind of loneliness is the worst, because "No man is an island."
Mark de Serres

. . . having a problem or just something to say and there is nobody to listen. Chris Brami

. . . one lonely black face among a hundred white ones . . . one lonely white face among a hundred black ones. Glenda Tomlin

. . . trying very hard to find yourself, maybe not trying to find a friend. Marilyn Hall

. . . the lack of good friends in whom you can confide or maybe in some cases burden with your innermost thoughts and feelings. . . . a terrible thing for one person, a shelter for another.
Donnie Perry

Loneliness is probably the world's most unwanted problem.
Alan Lineberger

When you are alone you try to find a companion to help you share a lovely moment, but when there is no such person you feel as if the world and, most of all, life has let you down.
Charlie Payne

SO WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT LONELINESS?

. . . even if you realize that you are feeling sorry for yourself, you have no one else to turn to for sympathy.
Tresa McLeod

but--Learning to live with it is the key. Michele Strub

When a person is lonely he has time to look at himself. Loneliness can open your eyes to the way people feel about you.
Harold Craig

I know I can find someone else; I will find someone else; I have found someone else. Tony Bradshaw

There is only one thing a person can do if he is lonely. He should sit down and have a little talk with God about what is happening in his life. Billy DeHart

. . . you get the feeling that you've let down the ones who care the most about you. . . . but there is one Being who still has faith in you. And if you run for miles and miles, trying to leave everyone and everything behind, trying to be alone, ironic as it may seem, you are still not alone. And all you have to do to feel His presence is to believe in Him as much as He believes in you.

If you can capture this belief, then you never need to feel lonely again.
Karen Brown

